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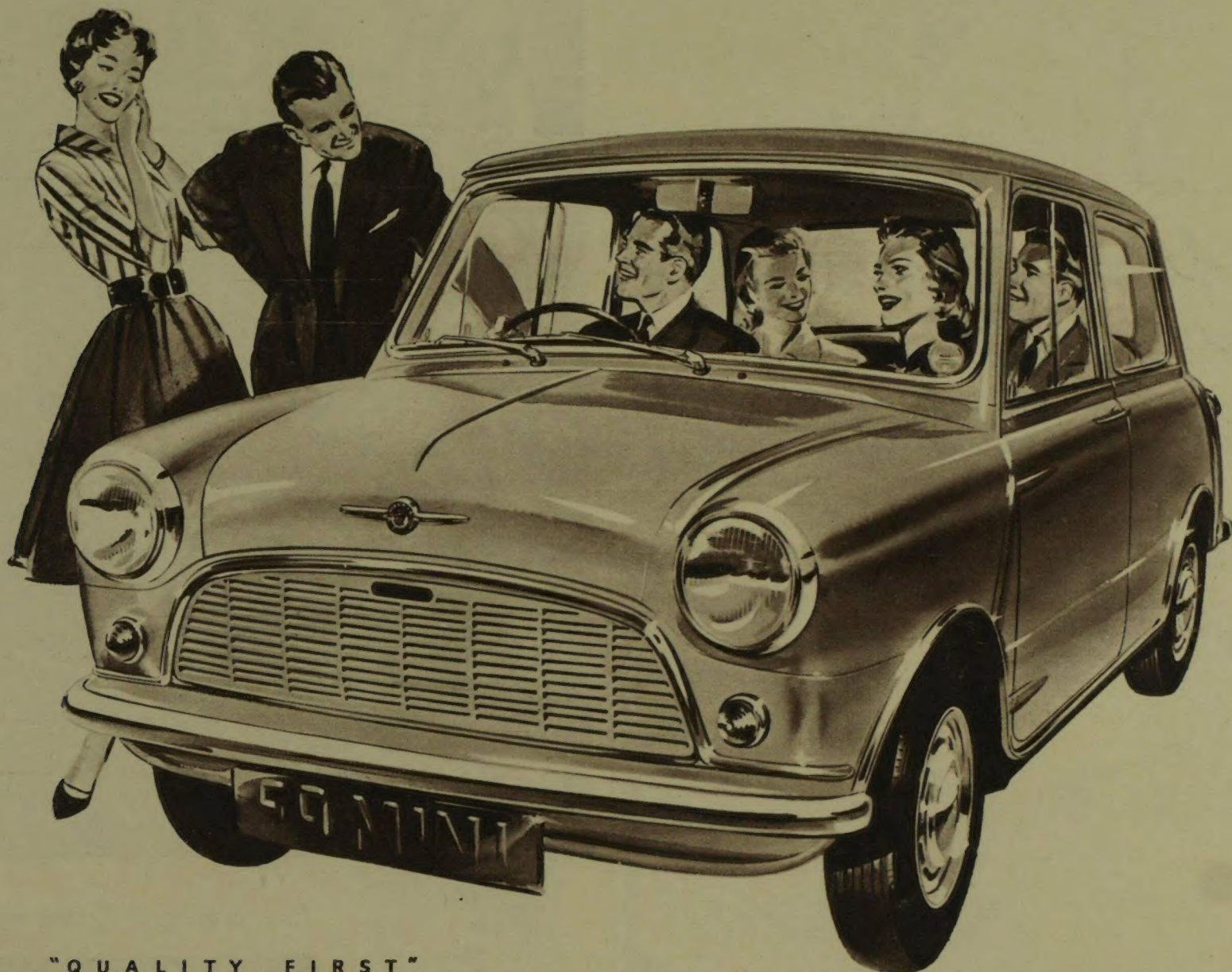


life's simple pleasures

Consider the simple pleasures of the picnic. You prepare the meal carefully, pack it ingeniously. You convey it as far as your fancy dictates. You pitch upon a grassy bank (to find, of course, that hostile insects have got there first). And, in due course, you sit down to a repast which, almost certainly, falls short of that which you would have enjoyed had you stayed at home. That is a picnic – and the children love it. So, to be honest, do we. And we, moreover, have helped in a modest way to popularise this engaging pastime. The essential thing about a picnic is that it takes place out of doors; it involves, that is to say, some measure of travel. Now the Midland provides a number of special services for travellers which are so helpful that they have encouraged a lot of people to travel who might otherwise have stayed at home. For travel further afield than your local woods we have prepared a booklet called 'The Joys of Travel'. It has become a 'best-seller'. Please write to us for one – we think you will like it.



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Gearbox, transmission, steering, are all incorporated in one amazingly simple power pack unit.

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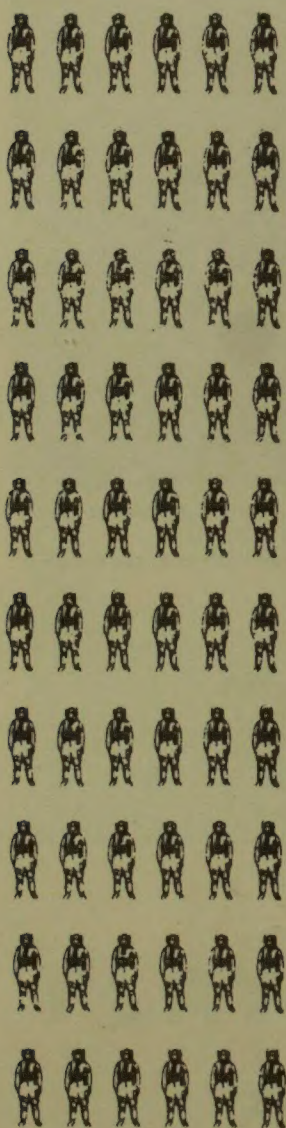


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Esso Golden. Entirely new because it is formed in a new way—by a new process exclusive to Esso. This process takes ordinary petrol and re-arranges the hydrocarbon molecules—remakes the basic structure of petrol. It's a tremendous step forward that gives your car full response and acceleration.

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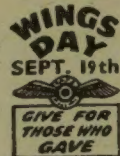
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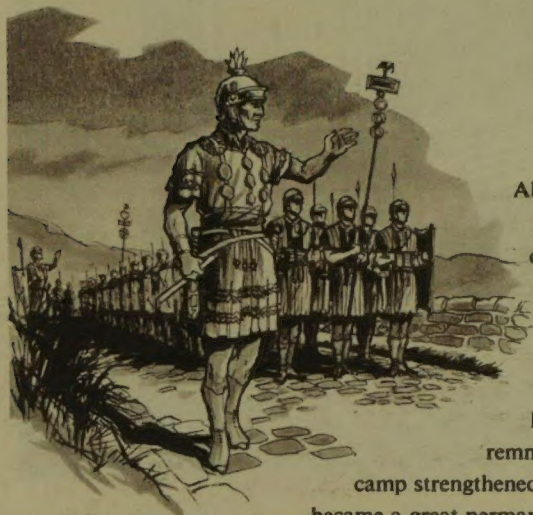
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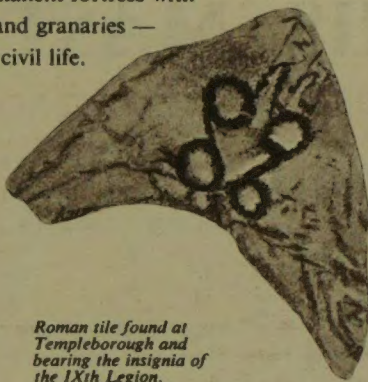
Where Roman soldiers marched—



About AD 50, the present site of the Templeborough plant of Steel, Peech & Tozer was a Roman camp at the ford where Riknild Street crossed the River Don. Following the slaughter of the IXth Roman Legion by Boadicea, remnants were moved north, the camp strengthened and enlarged and then

became a great permanent fortress with temple, baths, hospitals, villas, storehouses and granaries — a complete centre of Roman military and civil life.

The Temple endured for three centuries, and in the local museum lie portions of columns, altars and sepulchral monuments which were unearthed in the vicinity of Templeborough. The tile bearing the emblem of the IXth Legion was found during the excavations in 1919 for the first portion of Templeborough Works, when a foundry was also uncovered, evidence of early iron-working on this site.



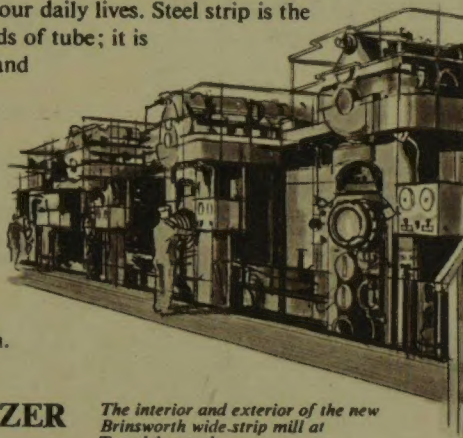
Roman tile found at Templeborough and bearing the insignia of the IXth Legion.

— a new continuous strip mill



The Steel, Peech & Tozer steelworks now stretch for nearly two miles along the River Don, and the latest addition, the new Brinsworth Continuous Strip Mill is the most modern of its kind in the world. Here are rolled thousands of tons each week of steel strip, which finds its way into every part of our daily lives. Steel strip is the basis of many kinds of tube; it is

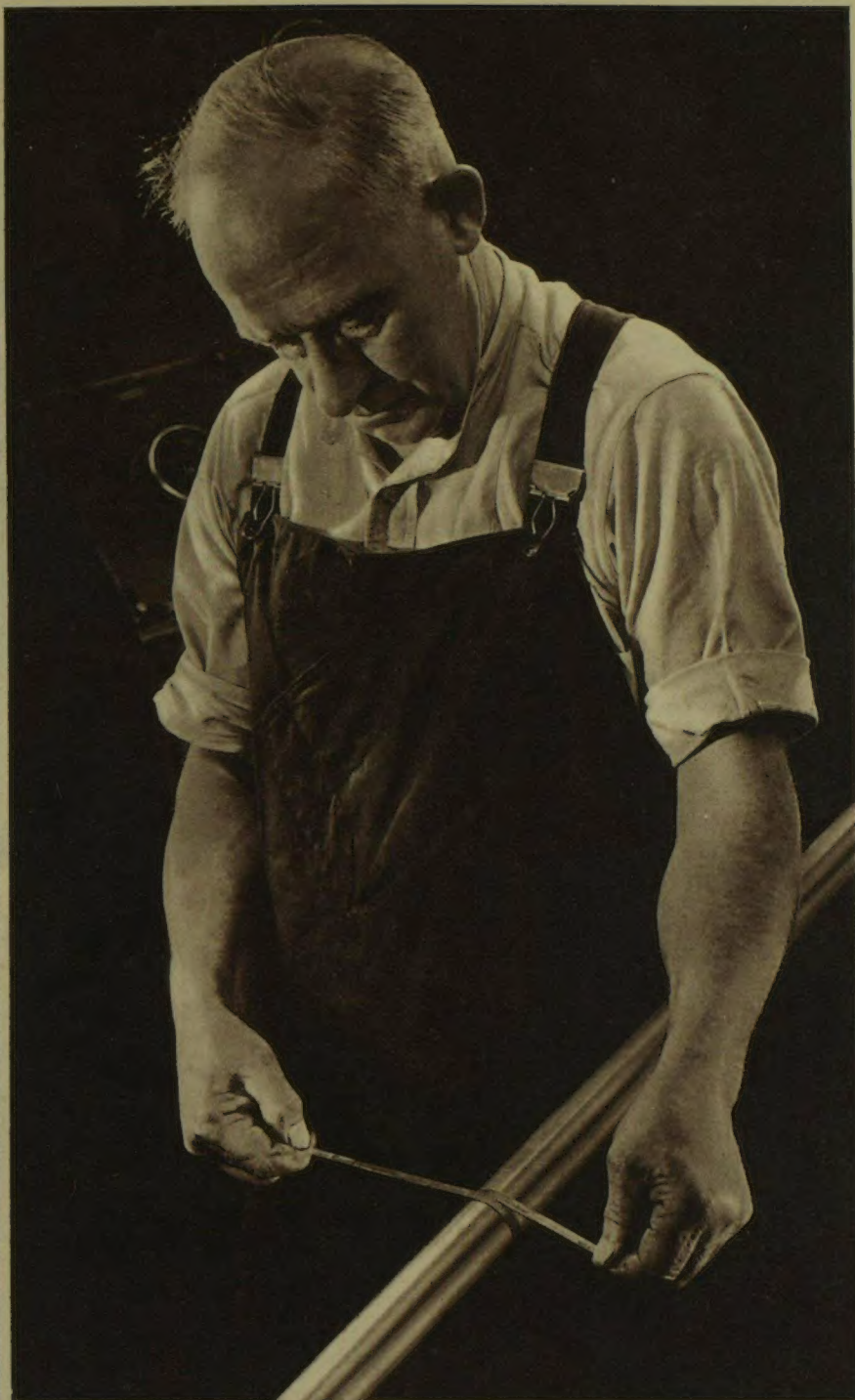
found in bicycle frames and and perambulators, motor car wheels and vacuum cleaners. But then, strip figures in one form or another in almost everything. In the home, the office and the fields, by road, sea, rail or air you constantly encounter useful applications of the most versatile material — steel strip from Templeborough.



The interior and exterior of the new Brinsworth wide-strip mill at Templeborough.

STEEL, PEECH & TOZER

A Branch of THE UNITED
STEEL
COMPANIES LTD



Diameter or Circumference?

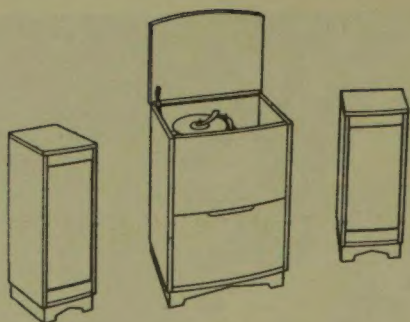
It is probably true of most of us that we tend to forget that the simple tricks of our trade are not known to the layman. We fell into this error in a recent advertisement which many of you will have seen—indeed quite a number of you have written to say you did!

In it we show the driver of a cable sheathing press checking the *diameter* of a cable by wrapping a steel tape around the *circumference*! You drew our attention to the “error”—but the driver is, in fact, reading the diameter on a specially calibrated tape on which the “inch” unit of measurement is π (3.14159265 to you!) times the true inch. Even this simple assumption of knowledge shows once again that there is much more in the making of cable than is revealed in a specification.

After more than 80 years at the game, there is much that we do almost subconsciously . . . *because we know it is right*. Call it experience, know-how, or what you will . . . by any name it means a better product.



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JOHNSON & PHILLIPS LTD.
CHARLTON LONDON S E 7

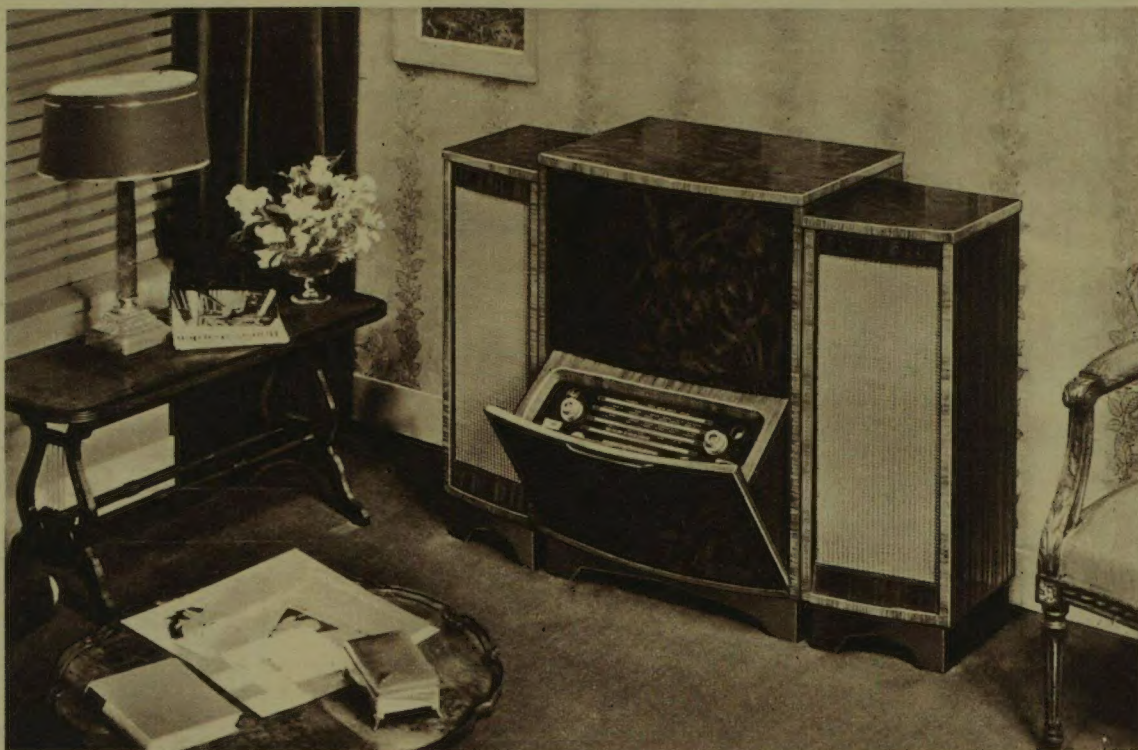


CREATING A NEW WORLD OF MUSICAL REALISM

"His Master's Voice", in relentless search for ever more perfect reproduction, now introduces the MEISTERSINGER... a stereophonic radiogram for those who really appreciate, and can afford, the supreme in sound entertainment. Here is all the intensity and richness of the concert hall performance brought to life in your own home. More than that, the MEISTERSINGER captures and recreates the very *atmosphere* of the music.

Sound is all around you... sound as pure as crystal, and mellow as vintage wine.

The superb four-speaker system covers the full range of frequency response, and the twin units allow infinite scope for positioning in every size and shape of room. They also brilliantly enhance the reproduction of monaural records and radio.



Introducing "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

'MEISTERSINGER' STEREOPHONIC RADIOGRAM 1641

Magnificent cabinet, in matched veneers and rare burr walnut, is worthy of the fine equipment which it encloses—making the MEISTERSINGER a really beautiful piece of furniture. Controls of the VHF/AM radio are set in a 'drop-away' panel to preserve the elegant lines of the fascia.

125 GNS



Full colour descriptive brochure available on request to: "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RADIO & TELEVISION SALES LTD., 21 Cavendish Place, London W1



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THE COMBINE
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is a tribute to man's endeavour to replace physical labour and the sweat of the brow with the power of the machine. Designed for its job, the Combine has revolutionised farming.

IN THE SAME WAY—the London & Lancashire Insurance Service has been designed specially for its purpose—that is to suit your insurance needs, to provide a policy that is exactly right for its particular job.

Photograph: Massey-Ferguson (G.B.) Ltd.

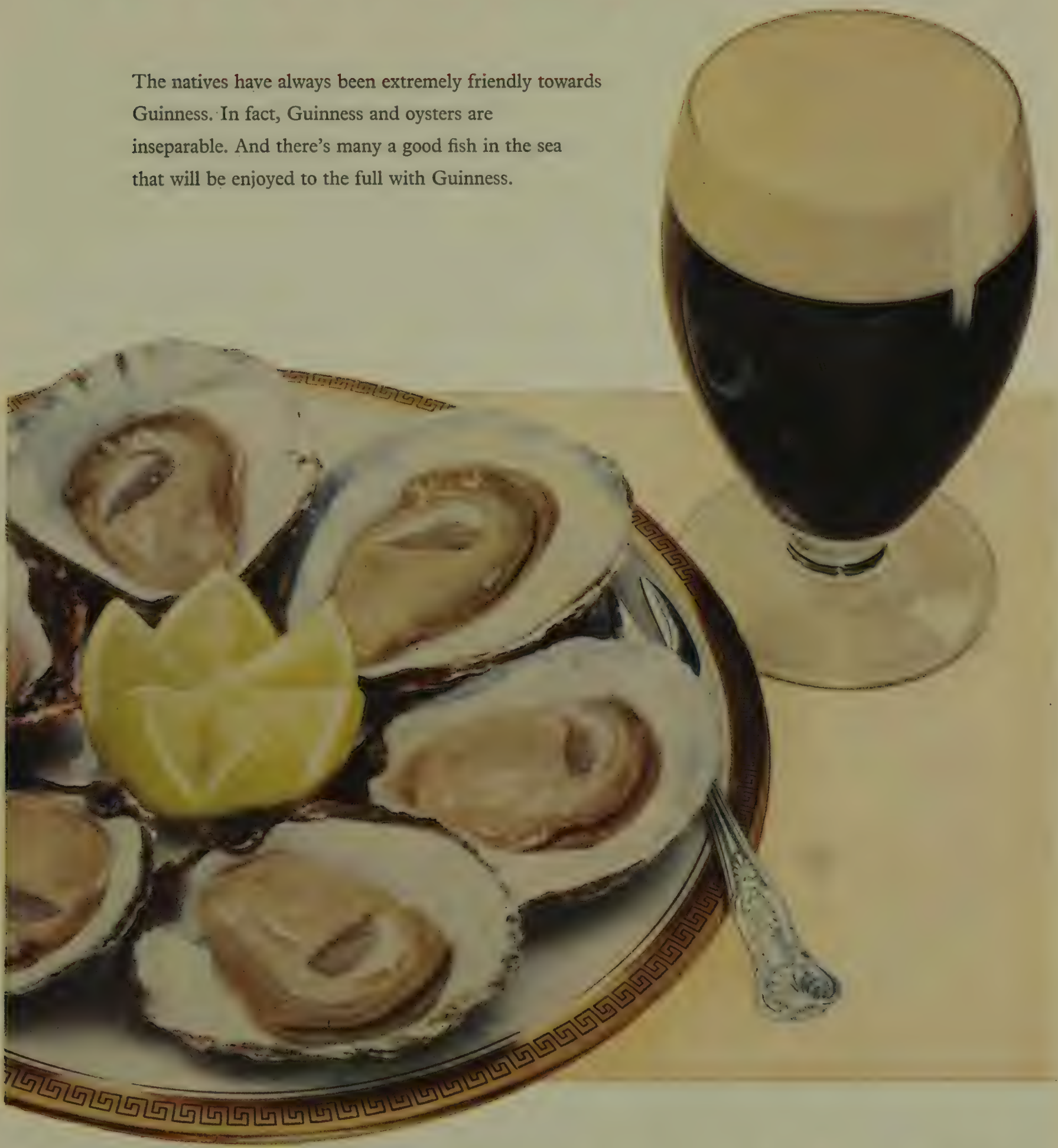


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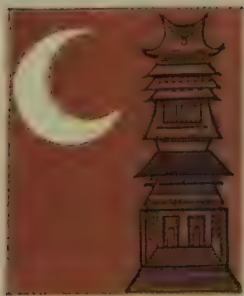
The natives have always been extremely friendly towards Guinness. In fact, Guinness and oysters are inseparable. And there's many a good fish in the sea that will be enjoyed to the full with Guinness.



GUINNESS ALWAYS GOES WITH OYSTERS

Copies of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., 8, Baker Street, London W.1

C.L.3167



Through deserts and over mountains in luxury

The idea of undertaking a jungle or desert expedition in a luxurious armchair seems as absurd as trying to climb a mountain in evening dress. Yet there are people who are, in fact, bent on making expeditions in comfort. Take the case of Paul Glueck, a Hamburg businessman who wanted to drive over-

land to Persia and India, and then to visit the Far East. He was no amateur: he had made other intercontinental car trips before, and knew the kind of roads to expect, what sandstorms are like in a desert, and what heavy monsoon rains mean in mountainous jungle areas. But he still insisted on comfort. So instead of selecting a "tough" cross-country vehicle, he took his luxurious touring car. He drove 22,500 miles—through Turkey and Persia to India. He toured Bangkok, Hong Kong and

Japan. His car climbed the towering, snow-covered mountains of Kashmir, gallantly navigated mud and sand and water, and proceeded across the hot, humid plains of India. In many places on the route, curious crowds gathered around the car, asking amiable questions about the unexpected visitor from some strange city. Mr. Glueck thus made many new friends on his trip—while renewing his friendship with his elegant and faithful car. Whether on wild mountain roads or scorching desert, he always knew that his Mercedes-Benz 300 was a safe and luxurious haven.

Quality—your constant companion

Safety is the most important feature of Mercedes-Benz quality. Another distinguishing mark of this supreme quality is the timeless beauty of Mercedes-Benz styling. Both safety and beauty will be your constant, perennial companions in a Mercedes-Benz.

Range of production: Passenger cars, trucks, buses, Unimog all-purpose-tractor, and Diesel engines.



MERCEDES-BENZ



Catch all
the colour
of our
Summer
days!



The pearly blue of summer skies, the rosy cheeks of pretty girls . . . the subtle, muted colours of Britain's landscapes—you can capture them all on Ilford Colour Film.

And it's so easy—far simpler, if you have a 35mm camera, than black-and-white. Every picture brings a thrill—the thrill of colour, more vivid than you can remember it. So bring home a boxful of colour memories this year, on Ilford Colour Film. Twenty transparencies cost only 22/9 including processing—or there's a 36-exposure cassette at 34/1 and 828 roll film at 12/2. You can have the best of them made into Ilford Colour Prints—postcard size at four for 10/- or 5½" x 8¼" at 7/6 each including mount.

The amazing miniature — ILFORD *Sportsman*

No other camera gives you so much for so little! A superb 35mm miniature, the Ilford 'Sportsman' is so simple to handle.

Eye-level viewfinder with luminous guide lines, press-button release, rapid lever film-wind, Dignar $f/3.5$ lens and shutter speeds up to 1/200th sec.—they all make photography so easy, and ensure perfect pictures in colour or black-and-white.

Most amazing thing is that this beautifully styled camera costs so little. Examine the 'Sportsman' at your photo-shop—you'll be happy to pay £11.11.11 (leather ever-ready case 41/3 extra).



ILFORD COLOUR



In 1909 Robert Blackburn constructed and flew his first aeroplane. In a complicated way, it was a simple aircraft. For instance, the pilot sat in a wicker-work basket chair, normally used in the garden, and the wheels were taken from an old car. But the design was right, although of necessity the aircraft flew at a very low altitude; only a few feet above the ground.

50 years' experience of aircraft construction

During this period, 1909-1959, Blackburn's have designed and built aircraft of many types, including Schneider Trophy contenders, naval and military aircraft, flying boats and trainers.

The Beverley Heavy Transport, production of which was completed in 1958, is currently in R.A.F. service all over the world.

Fifty years of experience have strengthened the hand of the youngest and perhaps the most versatile design team in the United Kingdom, resulting in the production of the Blackburn NA.39 Low-Level Strike-Reconnaissance Aircraft, designed for high-speed attack at very low altitude: the one vulnerable, unprotected layer in an enemy's defences.

Blackburn

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1959.



GREETED AT THE CASTLE GATES: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AS HE WAS MET BY THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

President Eisenhower, on his most important European tour, paid the first visit ever of a President of the United States to Scotland when he stayed with the Queen at Balmoral Castle on August 28. He flew from London Airport to Dyce, near Aberdeen, where he was met by Prince Philip at the airport. All along the 55-mile-drive to Balmoral there were flags and banners and cheering crowds in every village. The Queen and Princess Margaret came down to the main gate of the Castle, where they greeted the President. After lunch the Queen drove the President around the estate and a picnic was held.

The next day the President left for Chequers, where he spent the week-end with the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, for a series of talks. His stay at Balmoral was a rest from the intense pressure of his tour of West Germany, Great Britain and France, during which he has had long and arduous discussions with the Heads of Government, and although he was there as Head of State it was a more relaxed occasion. The Queen, who has given up public engagements since the announcement of her pregnancy, gave special delight to the President and the large crowds outside the gate, by her gesture in coming out to meet him.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FINANCIAL systems are complex things—so complex that, like the law, no one can hope to reform and improve their mechanism who hasn't spent a lifetime in learning and practising their operation, while no one who has done so ever wishes to alter them or regards it as otherwise than heresy and folly to attempt to do so. This is unfortunate because, as all human creations ultimately do, financial systems can get out of gear, usually through the imperfections of human nature, and cease to serve the original ends for which their creators, however wise, designed them.

But for the reasons set out, it is not easy for laymen to know when they are out of gear, for one can be sure that, whether they are working efficiently or not, the experts will always maintain that they are. Which may perhaps explain why the Radcliffe Commission, having listened to a deal of expert evidence, has reached the conclusion that on the whole our existing financial system is serving its purpose admirably. Yet there is one way by which even the most ignorant layman can tell that a financial system is not working properly. For if a substantial part of the community is in need of and cannot afford to buy a commodity that other men can make in abundance and are anxious to sell but cannot make for lack of effective customers, the financial system that causes such a frustrating state of affairs, whatever the experts may say, cannot be working properly. If, for instance, as happened between the last two world wars millions of men and women have to do without the very goods and services their own labour, if employed, could create, and

precisely because there is no financial, as opposed to real, demand for those goods and services, there must be some fatal lack of correlation between the expression of a real need and the financial mechanism for satisfying that need; in other words, the financial system is not operating efficiently. For money, it cannot be too often emphasized, is not wealth itself or even, as is usually supposed, a mere measure of wealth, but the essential instrument by which under a free society the need for goods and services causes those goods and services to be created. Without a sufficiency of money or purchasing power, the goods cannot be made because the wherewithal is lacking to pay and so set to work those who are capable of making them. Money or purchasing power is rather like the starting mechanism of a motor; unless it is applied at the right time and in the requisite strength the motor cannot run. In a society in which men are free to choose their own consumer goods and their own employment, their possession of purchasing power is the one and only motive force which can set the corn growing in the fields and the wheels of production turning. If for any reason there is an insufficiency of purchasing power in the hands of those whose need for creatable commodities is unsatisfied, there will not and cannot be, without the application of totalitarian methods, a sufficient degree of

production. The productive resources of the earth will not be used to full capacity; nor will those of industry, and, as a result, there will be unnecessary and frustrating want. All the cleverness, all the expert knowledge, all the technical jargon of the priests of high finance or academic economics cannot alter this inescapable fact.

Things have changed a lot since the war. The mass unemployment that presented in this and other free communities the spectacle of simultaneous poverty and enforced idleness for millions

and that certain mines must be closed because there is an insufficient demand for coal. Yet the reason there is an insufficient demand for coal is not because consumers have all the coal they want or could with advantage to themselves or others use, but merely because they lack the money to buy it at the inflated price at which the Coal Board offers it to the public and to the country's overseas customers. A reduction in the price of coal would almost certainly lead to an increased demand for coal, both at home and abroad, but the rigidity of our present politico-financial regi-

men of guaranteed and ever-rising wages and prices prevents it. For financial reasons the full production of real wealth—of our country's physical resources and working capacity—is being artificially retarded and we are the poorer in real wealth as a result. In the same way less food is being produced in this country than the soil and the high skill of its farming population are capable of providing. As we only produce about half our own food and import the other half from abroad it looks as though, here also, our politico-financial system is operating to maintain an artificial brake on the creation of real wealth. It is true that there are many apparently convincing or plausible reasons for maintaining that it is not to this country's advantage to produce all the food its people want and that the latter are better off manufacturing goods for export in exchange for imported food. But with every year of increasing industrialisation in the primary producing countries overseas this argument is losing more and more of its force, and I find it difficult to believe, as our

financial pundits argue, that it is really any longer to this country's advantage to discourage the activity of the home producer of, say, butter or bacon, in order to reserve the home market for the foreign customers of our manufacturing exporters. Where, of course, domestic agricultural production is dependent on the import of large quantities of foreign-produced feeding-stuffs there may be no virtue in increased home production of some particular agricultural product, for in that case what we are gaining on the roundabouts may be being lost, or more than lost, on the swings. But my point is that wherever there is any slack in the utilisation of the real wealth we are capable of creating, and a substantial demand exists for that unmade wealth, there must be a flaw in the nation's financial machinery, since the means is lacking for translating that demand into the purchasing capacity to make it effective and call the wealth desired into existence. All this, of course, is infinitely easier to state than to achieve, for the operation of supply and demand in a nation of freemen with a great variety of callings, needs and vested interests is a matter of infinite complexity. But the test of financial and productive efficiency is itself a simple one and it ought to be continually applied by those who are responsible for the country's government and economy.



A GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE PRESIDENT: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND THE QUEEN INSPECTING A GUARD OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND FUSILIERS ON HIS ARRIVAL AT BALMORAL ON AUGUST 28. One of the most pleasant occasions for President Eisenhower on his arduous European tour was his stay at Balmoral with the Queen. He is shown here inspecting men of the Royal Highland Fusiliers, who formed the guard of honour on his arrival from the airport. The next day the President flew to Chequers, where he stayed with the Prime Minister.

is no longer tolerated, and no political party dare subscribe to any financial principle or expedient that has so feared and detested a result. In many countries, indeed, freedom itself has perished as a result of the popular hatred which such a consequence of so-called economic freedom aroused in the frustrated masses. Today in this country freedom only survives because all political parties are at one, and have since the war been successful, in pursuing policies which ensure that the great mass of the working population is in continuous wage-earning employment. Even if economic liberty in the post-war years has had in certain—indeed, many—respects to be sacrificed, even if production itself has to be less efficiently conducted than is, physically speaking, possible, the continuous denial of work to large numbers of the electorate is rightly regarded in modern Britain as a political *must-not*. Yet there are signs—and not altogether insignificant signs—that the old malaise of the 'twenties and 'thirties is still with us in another form and that full employment is only being obtained at the expense of failing to satisfy some need of the would-be consumer that, under a more efficient financial system, should and would be automatically satisfied. The coal industry provides a case in point. For it appears that the miners are being told that they are over-producing coal and that less coal must be mined

SCENES AT LONDON AIRPORT: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ARRIVAL.



THE PRESIDENT ON HIS ARRIVAL: FACING THE R.A.F. GUARD OF HONOUR WITH ITS FLAG DIPPED DURING THE PLAYING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS.



WITH A CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE: THE PRESIDENT WALKING DOWN THE AIRCRAFT STEPS ON AUGUST 27.



GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER IN A SPEECH OF WELCOME: THE PRESIDENT HAD FLOWN FROM HIS TALKS WITH DR. ADENAUER AT BONN.



BEARING AN APT NUMBER-PLATE: THE ROLLS-ROYCE COUPÉ IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT MADE HIS DRIVE THROUGH LONDON.



AT THE U.S. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE, WINFIELD HOUSE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. MACMILLAN WITH THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE, MR. AND MRS. WHITNEY.

These pictures show the scene at London Airport as President Eisenhower arrived on August 27 for his five-day visit to this country after his talks with Dr. Adenauer in Bonn. He was met by the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, who made him a speech of welcome from a specially erected white-painted dais, in which he said it was his privilege to welcome him to British soil on behalf of all the people of the United Kingdom, without any distinction

of party or creed. President Eisenhower then replied, after which he got into the grey Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud coupé, which took him on his triumphal journey through London on his way to Winfield House, the residence of the U.S. Ambassador, where he stayed the night. He was met there by Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the U.S. Ambassador. This is the first time that President Eisenhower has been to this country since he became President.



A HAPPY SCENE ON THE LAWNS OF BALMORAL: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN CONVERSATION WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY JUST BEFORE HE LEFT.



ENJOYING A JOKE WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SON, WHO IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.

THE VISIT TO BALMORAL: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

These pictures, showing the President of the United States in a happy mood with the Royal family on the lawns at Balmoral, were taken just before he said good-bye and left for his flight to stay with the Prime Minister at Chequers. He arrived at Balmoral on August 28, where he stayed together with his son, Major John Eisenhower, and his medical adviser, Major-General Snyder. They are shown here in conversation with the Queen,

the Duke of Edinburgh and their children. In the lower picture the party is laughing at one of Princess Margaret's King Charles spaniels who was on the battlements of the Castle. The President was entertained during his stay with a picnic at Glassalt Shiel, by the shores of Loch Muick, and with a 'private dinner-party' which was attended by the Queen Mother, who is staying at Birkhall. After this visit the President returned south.



ON THE WAY TO CHEQUERS TO STAY WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AFTER FLYING FROM SCOTLAND: THE PRESIDENT GREETED BY THE PEOPLE OF GREAT KIMBLE.

AT CHEQUERS AND AT CHURCH: THE PRESIDENT AT WORK AND PRAYER.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH MR. MACMILLAN AT CHEQUERS, THE COUNTRY HOUSE WHERE TALKS WERE HELD BETWEEN THEM DURING THE WEEK-END.



AFTER SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE AT ELLESBOROUGH CHURCH ON AUGUST 30: THE PRESIDENT LEAVING WITH THE RECTOR.



TALKING TO THE RECTOR, THE REV. C. N. WHITE, AFTER THE SERVICE. MR. MACMILLAN READ THE LESSON THAT MORNING.

The most important series of talks of President Eisenhower's European tour took place at Chequers, the country house which is kept officially for the Prime Minister, on the week-end of August 29. The President arrived from Scotland at Benson, where he was met by Mr. Macmillan. They then drove to Chequers, which had been prepared with desks, extra telephones and a special office, together with a helicopter that plied from there to London, to deal with all the extra business of his visit. The talks went on throughout the

week-end; the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, and the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Christian Herter, with several other advisers also were staying there and took part in the talks. On the Sunday the President went to morning service at Ellesborough Church, where Mr. Macmillan read the lesson. A surprise visit was paid to Oxford to see Magdalen College and Christ Church that afternoon. Disarmament and nuclear tests were two of the subjects discussed during the busy course of the week-end.

VISITING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE PRESIDENT IN THE CITY.



DRIVING PAST CHEERING CROWDS ON ARRIVAL AT ST. PAUL'S: THE PRESIDENT ON HIS VISIT TO THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



SIGNING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK IN THE CATHEDRAL: HIS SIGNATURE IS THE THIRD IN THE BOOK, AFTER THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP.



INSPECTING THE ROLL OF HONOUR PRESENTED BY HIM IN 1951: THE BOOK CONTAINS THE NAMES OF AMERICAN SERVICEMEN KILLED IN THE WAR.

President Eisenhower made a visit to the City on August 31, when, together with Mr. Macmillan, he went to St. Paul's Cathedral to see the American Memorial Chapel. The Chapel, which was dedicated last November in the presence of the Queen and Vice-President Nixon, stands behind the High Altar and it contains a Roll of Honour with the names of American servicemen



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE GREAT CROWDS IN THE CITY: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ABOUT TO RETURN FROM HIS VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

killed in the last war which was presented to the Dean of St. Paul's by the President when he was General Eisenhower. He had driven up from Chequers, where he had spent the week-end. The streets of London through which they drove were filled with cheering crowds who were especially vociferous in the City. After the visit the President went on to Winfield House.



IN THEIR JOINT TELEVISION APPEARANCE BEFORE THE SCREENS OF EUROPE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. MACMILLAN HOLDING THEIR INFORMAL DISCUSSION.



A SPONTANEOUS GESTURE BY THE PRESIDENT IN WALKING ALONG DOWNING STREET: THE PRESIDENT LEAVING AFTER THE BROADCAST AND DINNER-PARTY.

A HISTORIC TELEVISION BROADCAST SEEN BY MILLIONS: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. MACMILLAN.

On the evening of August 31 President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan made a joint appearance on television at Downing Street. This appearance took the form of an unscripted informal discussion and it was shown not only in this country but also by means of Eurovision throughout Europe. During the twenty minutes that the talk lasted, a wide variety of subjects was covered. President Eisenhower in speaking of Anglo-American

relationships said that he thought they had never been stronger and better than they are now. The President called peace "the imperative of our time," and spoke of the necessity of giving help to the peoples of under-developed countries. Berlin was discussed and the President stated the need to be firm over the "two million free Berliners." After the broadcast a dinner-party followed, which was attended by Sir Winston Churchill.

ONE of those anomalies of politics which do not cease to be curious because they are common has connected the arrival of President Eisenhower in Europe, so far as France is concerned, more closely with her grievances against her allies than with the object of his visit. He came to discuss renewed efforts to ease the tension between East and West as a preparation for his meetings with Mr. Khrushchev. Obviously, since he was only too well aware of differences of opinion on points not directly connected with this mission, he intended to do his best to smooth out misunderstandings and allay anxieties. If, however, his renewed vigour and apparent good health are reliable indications, he will not on this occasion allow himself to be diverted for long from his main route.

My subject to-day, however, is not this main route—which it should be possible to follow later on—but the important side-road of French complaints. It is important because the traffic on it is mischievous to the cause of friendship between France on the one hand and the United Kingdom and the United States on the other. Broadly speaking, the complaints are of three kinds. First stands the question of France in Algeria. Then comes French nuclear policy and the intention to explode a bomb in the near future—also in Algeria. Finally there is a somewhat vague conception, one never very familiar to us and in the French sense never less familiar than now: the element of "glory" which the President of the French Republic has fostered in his country and which he appears to believe excites our jealousy.

It has not been General de Gaulle who has been the spokesman of French reproaches on these subjects. The task has been left to his Prime Minister, M. Debré. The latter has been giving weekly Sunday broadcasts and these have been warming up. Charges of lack of comprehension on the part of France's allies of her problem in Algeria created some astonishment and no pleasure, but the culminating effort up to the time of writing, in which the United States was accused of trying to control the countries in which she had established herself in the interests of defence, was much more serious. Such a speech might in old days have ended an alliance. The present age is fortunately less thin-skinned.

Well, tact has seldom stood highest among the many virtues of American diplomacy, and certainly not among those of its chief spokesmen in recent years, President Eisenhower and the late John Foster Dulles. Yet who can fail to realise that the United States Government regretted the weakness of French Cabinets since the war and welcomes the return of self-confidence? And if there were failure to understand French policy in Algeria, everyone was in the same boat. At the time of the speech there had been talk of principles, but no real plan had been announced. I feel pretty confident that if a clear plan appeared

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

FRANCE AND HER ALLIES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

to be supported by the majority of French and native opinion in the country it would be welcomed by the United States.

The action of the Government's representative in abstaining from voting in the United Nations on the subject of Algeria was displeasing to France, but it was not ungenerous and was in advance of public opinion. The United States can hardly regard the subject as all white, and a large body of opinion is more likely to regard it as all black. Even the purely forcible methods of pacification which, in the present temper of the world, can escape condemnation only by quick success, have made little or no progress. Support up to 100 per cent., without conditions and practically without information, is something France will never get from the United States and which she would be unwise to expect.

On the subject of nuclear weapons the heaviest

however, changed this year. Negotiation is in the air. The British Government realises that fresh disarmament proposals may crop up in the near future and does not want to prejudice them. As for the American President, he aims at the removal of mutual fear and mistrust, and thus "to make possible drastic reductions in armaments." In fact, his outlook resembles that of Mr. Macmillan. It is unlikely that General de Gaulle will persuade him to regard favourably an early test explosion in the Sahara.

Sections of our Press have been unhelpful, as has long been the case. First it was Dulles-baiting, then Adenauer-baiting, now de Gaulle-baiting. Yet fluctuations in the relations between the United States, Britain, France, and Western Germany have gone on for a long time without doing any irreparable damage. In many respects the problems represented by Germany are more serious, because more deep-seated and enduring, than those of France. Agitation for the return of the territory lost to Russia might bring calamity on Europe. As regards France, the time has come when not only leaders but all men of good will should make a determined effort to restore the genuine friendship of the recent past.

To do it by a process of gang-ing-up against the United States, by striving to form an inner West European bloc, would be not only unworthy but futile. We should be going back over old ground. We have the experience of how weak was the structure built in Western Europe; indeed, it was in great part its inadequacy that led to the foundation of N.A.T.O. The notion of shutting the United States out is an absurdity. Britain would never entertain such a policy—certainly not under its present Government—and least of all at a time when the United States Government and State Department were exhibiting high qualities of intelligence, willingness to experiment, and reasoned moderation. We can make clearer our motives and our sincerity. We can, it may be hoped, aid

France to realise that such attacks as have been launched against her are the work of third-class people, so null in themselves that they can hope to make an impression only by clownish acrobatics.

Let us own that General de Gaulle—and he will not take this as an affront—is about the most difficult man to get on with in the world's high places. Beside him Dr. Adenauer appears relaxed and positively easy to convince. Yet it is as easy to respect and admire General de Gaulle as it is hard to reason with him. In some years since the war we have regretted the spectacle of a France unbraced, trifling with her problems, the vast majority of the people looking on with no sentiment but contempt for politics. The picture is healthier to-day. It would be deplorable if the France of to-day were to turn her back on friends who have every reason to wish her well. We should do all in our power to insure that this does not happen.



SURROUNDED BY FRIENDLY ALGERIANS: GENERAL DE GAULLE ON HIS THREE-DAY SURVEY OF THE ARMY AND THE SITUATION IN ALGERIA BEFORE HIS MEETING WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON SEPTEMBER 2.

General de Gaulle left Paris on August 27 for a three-day tour of the French Army and the Algerian hinterland. One of the purposes of his visit has been to allay dissatisfaction in the Army about his Algerian policy before President Eisenhower arrives in Paris for talks on September 2.

reproaches are directed against this country rather than the United States. I own that I regard these with more sympathy. To the average Frenchman as well as to French rulers the argument that France should hold her hand at this moment, coming from an ally already in possession of the bomb, must ring falsely. It seems to me that this is due to the atmosphere of the moment rather than to the historic perfidy of Albion. In particular, if France were to explode her trial bomb in the near future she would be choosing the most unhappy time for doing so that has occurred since tests began. That it is a case of jealousy is incredible.

Why should we be jealous? If it were a mere matter of the defence of Western Europe, a more strongly-armed France would obviously be making a contribution to its strength, which would at least be a compensation for the withdrawal of her army to Algeria. The situation has,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ON ARRIVAL AT BONN ON AUGUST 26: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, WALKING FROM THE BOEING 707.

INSPECTING AIRMEN OF THE WEST GERMAN AIR FORCE, PART OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR FOR HIS RECEPTION: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT BONN.

BONN, GERMANY.

President Eisenhower arrived in Bonn, the West German capital, from Washington in his Boeing 707 on August 26 for a visit that lasted until his coming to this country on the evening of the next day. A crowd that was reckoned at over 100,000 lined the route that the President drove from Wahn airport into Bonn, and cheered him with great enthusiasm. He was met by the Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, with whom he had come to have talks. Among the streamers that welcomed him on the road there were several bearing the names of parts of East Germany and President Eisenhower, in a Press conference given at the Foreign Office, spoke about "helping to melt the ice in the cold war" with reference to his future meeting with Mr. Khrushchev.



(Right.) DRIVING ALONG THE ROUTE LINED WITH 100,000 CHEERING PEOPLE: THE PRESIDENT ON HIS WAY TO DR. ADENAUER.



DURING A VISIT TO THE WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT AT THE VILLA HAMMERSCHMIDT: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH PRESIDENT HEUSS (RIGHT).



LISTENING TO A QUESTION AT A NEWS CONFERENCE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT THE WEST GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTRY.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



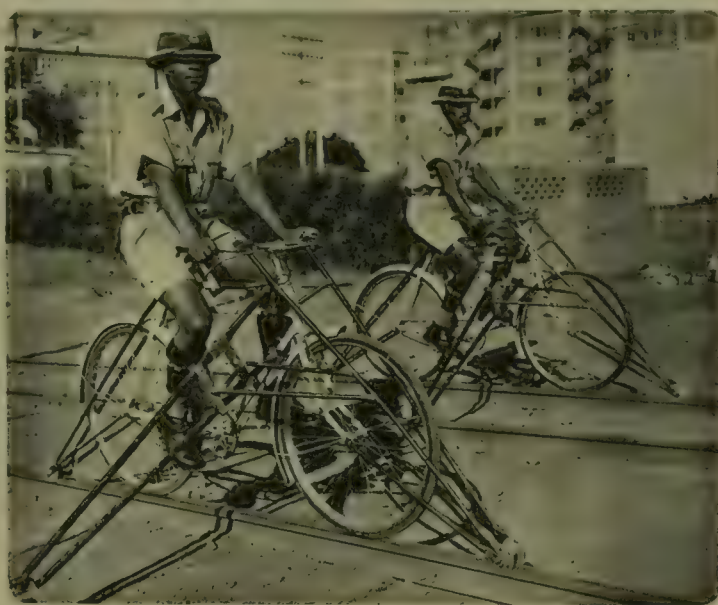
TITUSVILLE, PA., U.S.A. WHERE OIL WAS FIRST DRILLED COMMERCIALY: THE FATHER OF THE OIL INDUSTRY, COLONEL EDWIN DRAKE, IN EFFIGY. Titusville, Pennsylvania, where oil was first drilled commercially by Colonel Edwin Drake a hundred years ago, has erected not only a replica of his original Drake well, but also put the Colonel outside in wax effigy, in the chair in which he died.



KANDY, CEYLON. AFTER RUNNING AMOK IN A BUDDHIST PAGEANT: AN INFURIATED ELEPHANT THAT CAUSED 14 DEATHS AND INJURED 300 IN THE CROWDS. This elephant, which was maddened by a torch burn in the annual Buddhist Pageant of the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy and ran amok, had caused the deaths of 14 people and injured 300 before it was chained to a lamp-post. It later broke loose and had to be shot by the attendants.



LUSAKA, NORTHERN RHODESIA. BICYCLES ADAPTED FOR PATROLLING RHODESIAN RAILWAY PROPERTY: MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEMONSTRATING ON THE TRACK THESE UNUSUAL AIDS TO KEEPING LAW AND ORDER.



LUSAKA, NORTHERN RHODESIA. ANOTHER VIEW OF THESE BICYCLES ON PATROL: CONSTANT WATCH IS KEPT ON THE LINE. Since the declaration of a state of emergency throughout the railway line reserve in Northern Rhodesia last September, there have been regular patrols of the track. One of the means of progression for the police are these bicycles.



KIEL, GERMANY. AN UNUSUAL NAVAL UNIFORM: "WHISKY," THE OFFICIAL MASCOT OF THE WEST GERMAN NAVY'S NEW TRAINING BARQUE GEORGE FOCK. GEORGE FOCK, WHOSE CONSTRUCTION WAS SUSPENDED AFTER THE SINKING OF PAMIR IN 1957, LEFT KIEL ON AUGUST 3 FOR HER MAIDEN OVERSEA VOYAGE.

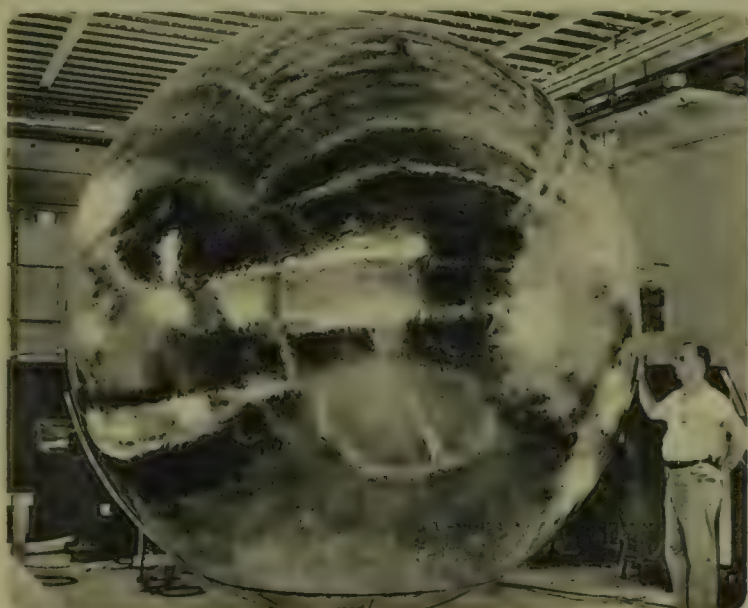


LISBON, PORTUGAL. AFTER WINNING THE GRAND PRIX OF PORTUGAL ON AUGUST 23: STIRLING MOSS ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS. Stirling Moss won the Grand Prix of Portugal in Lisbon on August 23, driving a Moss Partnership privately entered Cooper. He covered the 209-mile-course in just over two hours with an average speed of 95.6 m.p.h. He was the only driver to finish.



KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA. SIGNING THE OATH OF OFFICE AS PRIME MINISTER OF THE MALAYAN FEDERATION: TENGKU ABDUL RAHMAN. Tengku Abdul Rahman, who resigned from the Premiership six months ago to campaign for his Alliance Party, has now become Prime Minister for the second time after his victory in the Federal elections. The Chief Justice is shown with him.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



KATMANDU, NEPAL. MEMBERS OF AN ALL-WOMAN EXPEDITION TO A 26,867-FT. HIMALAYAN PEAK: (L. TO R.) TENSING NORGAY'S NIECE, DOMA; HIS DAUGHTER, PEM PEM; MRS. E. HEALEY; COUNTESS DOROTHEA GRAVINA; AND MISS M. DARVALL. The expedition, seen before setting out to attempt Cho Oyu, the sixth highest peak in the world, is to be escorted by Nepalese police in case of hostility resulting from rivalry between two groups of Sherpa guides, one of which is said to want to monopolise expeditions.

UNITED STATES. A NOVEL DEVICE FOR STUDYING DENSITY OF AIR OUTSIDE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE: THE HUGE 12-FT. RESEARCH BALLOON WHICH CAN BE LAUNCHED FROM A ROCKET.

In order to study the density of the air which surrounds the outer edge of the earth's atmosphere, this great balloon, made of tough plastic and thinly coated with aluminium, has been devised. A sphere similar to that above was launched from the missile range at Cape Canaveral, Florida, on August 14. The balloon was folded in the nose of a *Juno II* rocket, shot free and inflated upon reaching orbital speed.

(Right.) **TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA.** THE FIRST VERTICAL TAKE-OFF WITH TRANSITION IN MID-AIR TO HIGH-SPEED HORIZONTAL FLIGHT: THE U.S. ARMY B-16 IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF FLIGHT.

This astonishing new craft is enabled to take off—and land—vertically by the ducted fans which rotate on the wing tips and which, pointed upwards, lift it like a helicopter (shown in pictures 1, 2 and 3). The ducts are then swivelled by the pilot and the craft moves forward into horizontal forward flight at high speed (4, 5, 6 and 7). For landing, the procedure is reversed. The craft can be slowed down to hover in a stationary position at 3000-6000 ft., and then returned to normal flight.

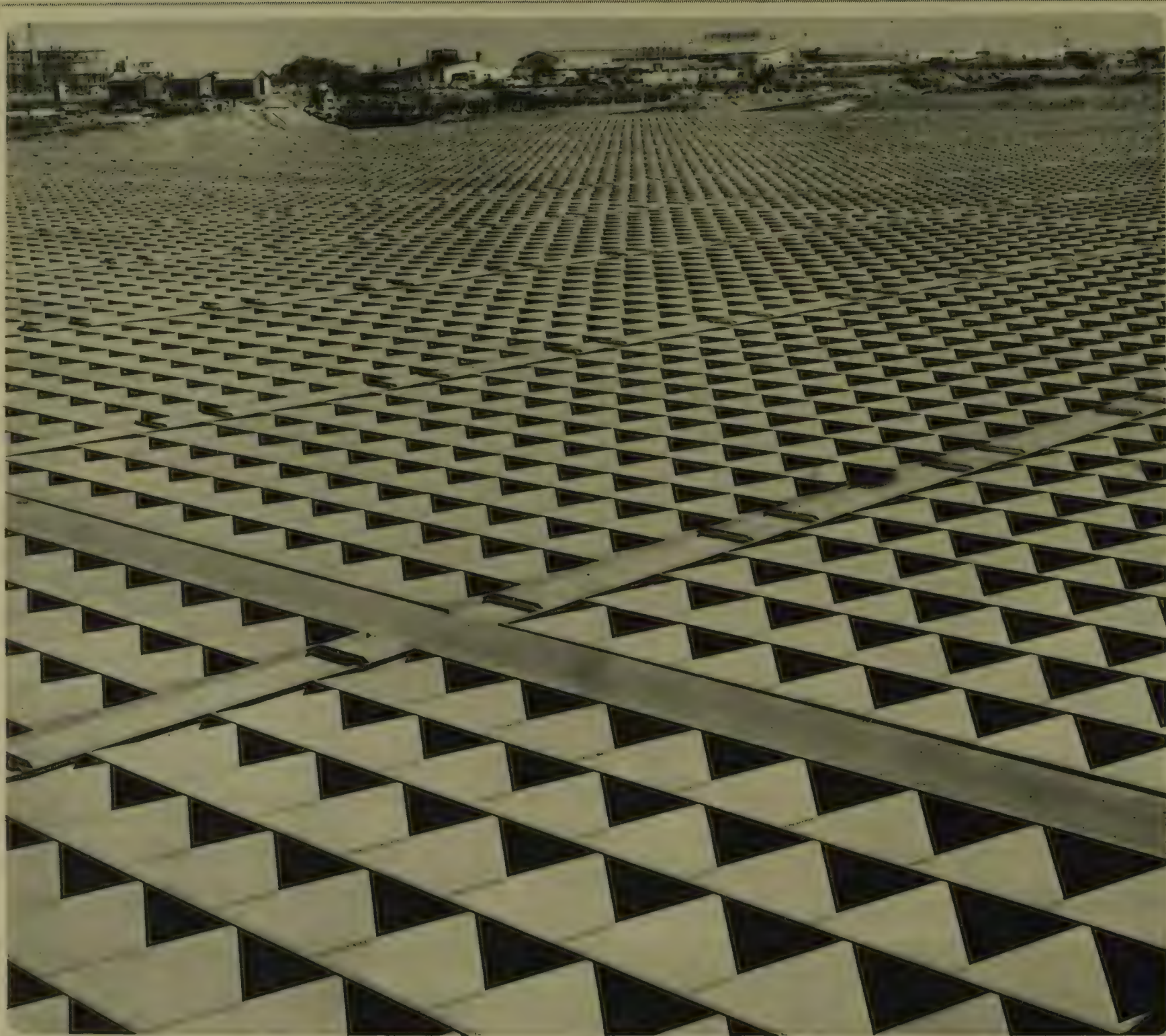


SAHARA, AFRICA. THE WRECKAGE OF A BOMBER WHICH CRASHED IN 1943: THE REMAINS OF THE B-24 BOMBER (RIGHT) "LADY-BE-GOOD," BEING INSPECTED BY U.S. OFFICERS MAJOR-GENERAL H. R. SPICER, COMMANDER OF THE 17TH AIR FORCE, AND CAPTAIN MYRON C. FULLER.



LAOS. SEEKING FOR COMMUNIST GUERILLAS: A PARATROOP PATROL OF LAOTIAN SOLDIERS IN SAM NEUA PROVINCE, WHERE COMMUNISTS HAVE INFILTRATED FAR. These Laotian soldiers of the 2nd Paratroop Battalion are being briefed for their search for Communist guerillas who have overrun a large part of the province of Sam Neua. The U.S. Government is sending supplies to put 5000 more troops in the field.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Above.)

ORLY, FRANCE.

NESTING-BOXES OR AN OBSTACLE RACECOURSE? THESE ACRES OF BOX-LIKE SHAPES ARE KNOWN AS "PARALUMES," AND AID MOTORISTS EMERGING FROM A TUNNEL.

"Paralumes" permit drivers to become accustomed to the light on emerging from a tunnel. These have been erected above either entrance to the tunnel under Orly Airfield, near Paris. Made of aluminium plate, they tilt at varying angles to allow light to filter through to the road below.

(Right.)

PARIS, FRANCE.

LAYING GIANT GAS-PIPES ACROSS THE RIVER SEINE: SPECTATORS WATCH AN INTRICATE OPERATION, CARRIED OUT WITH PRECISION.

These pipes were laid across the River Seine on August 25. The two pipes, each over 350 ft. long, were supported on a scaffolding and then were placed into position in an underwater channel by means of cranes on landing stages near either bank of the river.



FOUR-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD LINKS BETWEEN IRAN AND CENTRAL INDIA: NEW EXCAVATIONS AT NAVDA TOLI.

By DR. H. D. SANKALIA, Director, Deccan College Post-graduate and Research Institute, Poona, and Professor of Archaeology, University of Poona.

A REPORT of the excavations at Navda Toli, opposite Maheshwar, carried on by the Deccan College Post-graduate and Research Institute, Poona, and the Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, had appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of September 20, 1958.

This season, as mentioned in the first report, the work at Navda Toli was resumed by the Deccan College and the Baroda University with the co-operation of the Madhya Pradesh Government. The former was represented by Dr. S. B. Deo, Mr. Z. D. Ansari and the writer, and the

pit were found two logs of wood, placed almost at right angles and the remains of two unique pots (Fig. 9). These have a high corrugated neck with everted rim, a ribbed ovalish body with one or two incised bands, filled in with lime and a high hollow base (which looks similar to the mouth, so that until we could reconstruct the pots from this pit we were not certain which was the mouth and which the base).

A number of houses of Period III were found "intact," in the sense that all the stumps of the charred posts had remained. This made it perfectly simple to know the size of the houses at this period. Generally each room was 7 ft. by 10 ft.

In another case a rectangular mud wall enclosed houses of this period, the plans of which were changed very often. Ample evidence was found again that the walls and/or the roofs of these houses were of bamboo matting which was covered by clay and white-washed. The floors, as a rule, were made of lime in Periods I and II, but later this rule does not seem to have been observed uniformly.

A few objects of copper and thousands of chalcedony blades were found as before. Among the former, the most interesting is a fragment of a sword or

a dagger with raised mid-rib (Fig. 2). Nothing like this has been found in the Indus civilisation, but the type occurs later in Iran and elsewhere.

On the strength of the layers of burnt debris, we divide the entire occupation into four periods. A correlation of these with a detailed distribution of pottery fabrics, shapes and designs enables us to say that there were four distinctive fabrics and certain shapes and designs associated with each period. The most common is a pale red slipped

bowl with gracefully inturned sides and cups. This fabric is confined only to Period I, and seems definitely to be an import from the adjoining region of Rajputana, where at Ahar it occurs in profusion. The one illustrated here is from our first season's work (1952-53); the design in white had become slightly faint, hence it is redrawn (Fig. 1).

The third important fabric is the white-slipped one. It is associated with the first two periods only, but died out later. It has several gradations in slip and texture, but the finest is smooth, lustrous and slightly greenish-white. Though it copies some of the shapes of the Malwa ware, its own distinctive shapes are a shallow dish with broad, flat rim and stand, and a high concave-walled cup with bulging bottom. An almost complete bowl of the latter in fine white slip recalls a similar vessel from the earliest period at Sialk, in Iran (Ghirshman, "Fouilles de Sialk," Vol. I, Frontispiece, 4). A band of running antelopes and dancing human figures seem to be characteristic designs in this fabric (Fig. 8).

In Period III occurs, for the first time, a new fabric called "Jorwe" after the "type site" in the Deccan. This has a well-baked core with a metallic ring and a matt red surface. Comparatively limited numbers of shapes and designs figure in this ware (Fig. 12). It is also at this time (and not later, as said in my last year's article) that the most distinctive form of a vessel occurs. This is the teapot-like channel-spouted bowl. It is in Malwa fabric. This season we were lucky in getting a complete bowl (Fig. 11), which leaves no

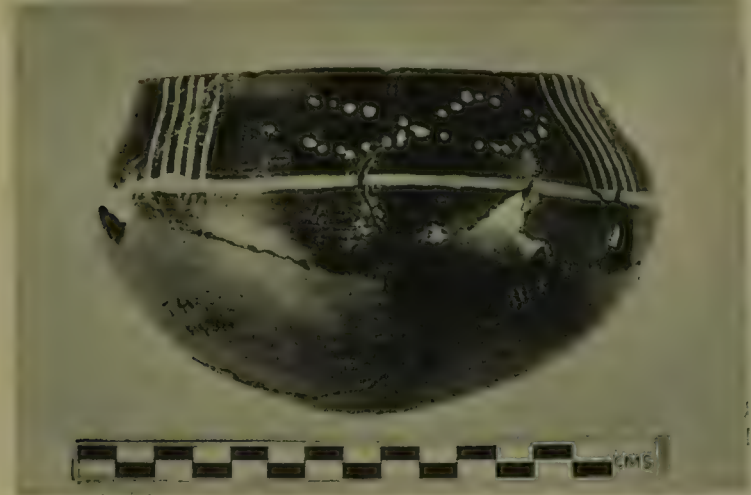


FIG. 1. A RATHER RARE TYPE OF POT FROM THE EARLIEST LEVELS OF NAVDA TOLI, IN CENTRAL INDIA. THIS IS OF A BLACK-AND-RED WARE, WITH PAINTED DESIGNS IN WHITE. THE SHAPE IS TYPICAL AND THE DATE ABOUT 1800 B.C.

latter by Professor B. Subba Rao, Mr. S. C. Malik and Dr. R. N. Mehta. The Government of Madhya Pradesh was represented by Dr. H. V. Trivedi. Several students from the Universities of Poona, Baroda, Patna and the Panjab assisted in the work. Financial assistance was gratefully received from the Union Government, the University of Poona and the Australian Institute of Archaeology, and also its President, Mr. W. J. Beasley.

Three large trenches, 145 ft. by 195 ft. (Tr. I); 220 ft. by 120 ft. (Tr. II); 45 ft. by 20 ft. (Tr. III) and one small trench (10 ft. by 24 ft.) were dug down to the virgin soil this season. The total area excavated was 55,725 sq. ft., thus making it one of the most extensively excavated Chalcolithic sites in India (next to Harappa, Mohenjodaro and Chanhudaro, which are now in Pakistan).

This season's work confirmed the picture of the settlement obtained last year—namely, of a village consisting of closely-set mud-timber houses. This village was rebuilt at least ten times. Thrice it was destroyed by fire, the fire towards the close of Period II being the most extensive. This has left a thick layer of burnt debris which runs through all the excavated trenches.

During the last season, the remains of several round, square and rectangular houses were found. Of these, only two or three may be described in a little detail. The first is a very large house (20 ft. by 40 ft.) located right on the black soil. From the size and the number of post-holes, it appears that it must have been a fairly substantial house built with heavy timber. The second house, also belonging to this period, had its floor partially burnt red. But the most interesting thing was the existence of a well-made rectangular pit (7 ft. by 6 ft. by 7 ins.) in the midst of it (Fig. 3). Its sides are slightly bevelled; all round there are post-holes; on either side at some distance is a pot-rest made into the ground, and possibly the remains of a single-mouthed hearth. Inside the

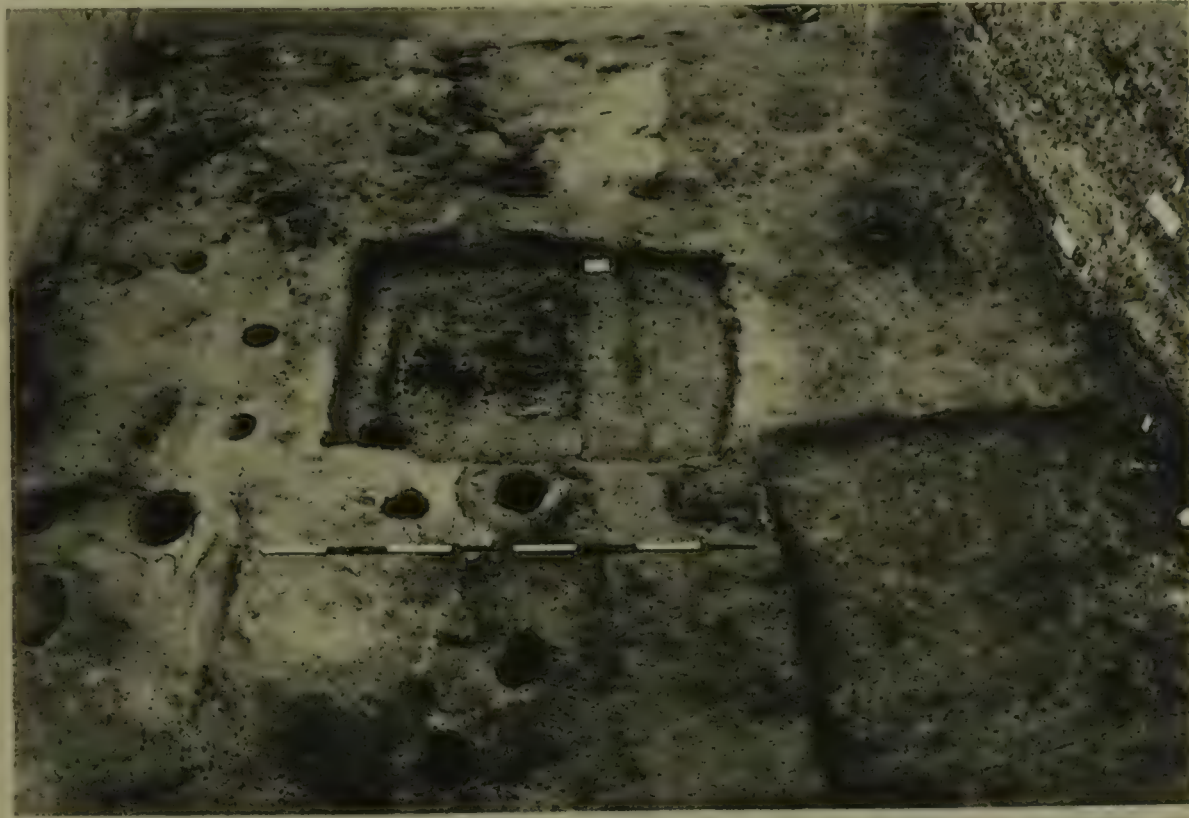


FIG. 3. THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE HOUSE-SITES OF PERIOD I (1800-1600 B.C.) WITH ITS WELL-MADE RECTANGULAR PIT. All around can be seen post-holes, and on either side at some distance is a pot-rest made in the ground. In the pit itself were two logs of wood and the remains of two unique pots, one being shown in Fig. 9.

fabric with paintings in black over it. Since this occurs throughout Malwa (an old geographical name for parts of Central India), it is called the "Malwa Ware." This occurs as a major pottery fabric right from the first occupation and runs through the entire Chalcolithic habitation (Figs. 4-6). However, in the earliest period only certain shapes and designs figure, both becoming more varied later (Figs. 4 and 5).

Then there is a sprinkling of black-and-red ware, with paintings in white, comprising generally

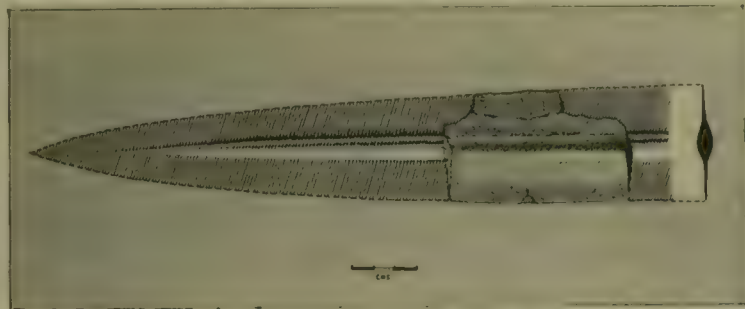


FIG. 2. A FRAGMENT OF A BRONZE DAGGER, WITH THE SHAPE CONJECTURALLY FILLED IN. THIS DATES FROM PERIOD III (c. 1500 B.C.) AND IT IS QUITE UNLIKE ANYTHING FOUND IN THE INDUS CIVILISATION, BUT THERE ARE LATER PARALLELS FROM IRAN.

doubt about its shape and function. It seems to have been a vessel with which ablutions were performed. Since it is without a handle, it has got to be held in the palms of both the hands, and the contents (liquid) poured slowly, as in a sacrifice or some such ritual. In order to control the flow

of the liquid, a hole was sometimes made at the junction of the spout and the body of the vessel (Fig. 10). A similar contrivance may be noticed in the channel-spouted bowls from Western Asia.

Last year it was suggested that the presence of such vessels implied a definite Iranian contact. This view needs to be slightly revised, for, from the earliest period of the occupation at Navda Toli, we get numerous "wine-cups" (Fig. 6), christened as "brandy" and "champagne" cups by Sir Mortimer Wheeler, vessels with a funnel-shaped mouth and carinated white-slipped bowls. These are not imports, but vessels made locally by a people who were used to such pottery and had seen them in Iran (unless we postulate an independent origin for so many special types of vessel!). Thus the Indo-Iranian penetration into Central India

is suggested from the earliest occupation of the site. In the absence of anything local, it may be called a colonisation by a people who came with varied types of pottery. Some of this is distinctly Iranian. Such an hypothesis exactly fits in with the traditional one. According to the *Mahābhārata* and several *Purāṇas*, the Narmada Valley was colonised by the Haihayas (name of a Puranic tribe, but originally connoting probably a horse-knowing or riding people as

[Continued overleaf.]

THE FOUR PHASES OF ANCIENT NAVDA TOLI REVEALED IN CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL POTS.



FIG. 4. A MEDIUM-SIZED DISH-ON-STAND OF PERIOD II, c. 1600 B.C., OF THE "MALWA" WARE: A PALE RED SLIPPED FABRIC, SO-CALLED FROM THE OLD NAME OF PARTS OF CENTRAL INDIA.

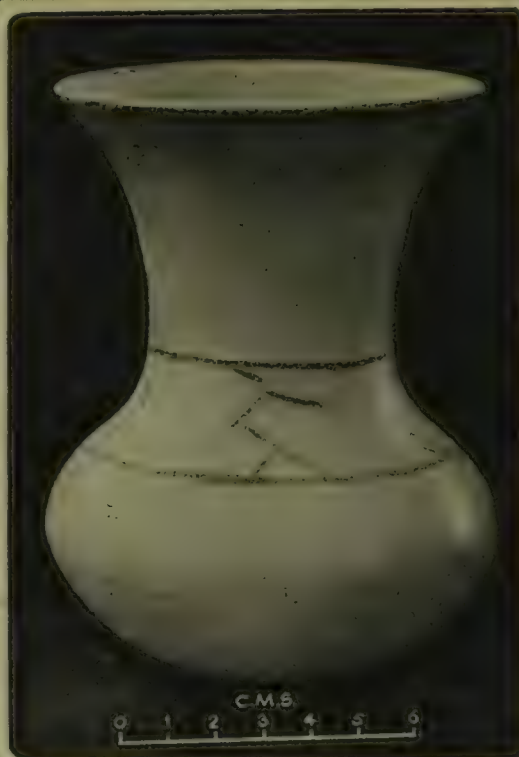


FIG. 5. A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL VESSEL OF "MALWA" WARE. THIS IS OF PERIOD III AND DATES FROM ABOUT 1500 B.C.—BUT THE TYPE IS RECURRENT.



FIG. 6. A "CHAMPAGNE CUP"—THE NAME NOW GIVEN TO THIS TYPE OF "MALWA" WARE AND BELONGING TO PERIOD III. FRAGMENTS OF THE SAME TYPE ARE FOUND IN EARLIER LEVELS.



FIG. 7. FRAGMENTS OF WHITE-SLIPPED WARE OF PERIODS I-II (1800-1600 B.C.), SHOWING GEOMETRIC AND ANIMAL PATTERNS AND (BOTTOM RIGHT) A FRIEZE OF "STICK" MEN.



FIG. 8. FRAGMENTS OF A GLOBULAR BOWL OF WHITE-SLIP WARE OF PERIOD I, SHOWING, BETWEEN BANDS, A DESIGN OF SPOTTED DEER, HIGHLY SCHEMATISED.

Continued from previous page.] the word "Haya" with the prefix "Hai" would signify), and these Haihayas drove out the aboriginal Nagas, who presumably were in a Stone Age Culture. Later, after Period II, another Iranian wave came with the channel-spouted cups. Thus, as postulated by Indo-Iranian philologists, there were several Indo-Aryan migrations. Archaeology now seems to confirm this belief to [Continued opposite.



FIG. 10. A CHANNELED SPOUT OF "MALWA" WARE AND THE RECONSTRUCTED BOWL. IN THIS EXAMPLE, THE CHANNEL IS RESTRICTED BY THE SMALL HOLE. COMPARE THIS TO FIGURE ELEVEN.



FIG. 9. TWO EXAMPLES OF THIS UNIQUE TYPE OF "MALWA" WARE WERE FOUND. THE BASE IS HOLLOW AND THE TOTAL HEIGHT ABOUT 15 INS. PERIOD I (1800-1600 B.C.).



FIG. 11. PRESUMABLY A RITUAL BOWL OF SOME KIND. A "MALWA" WARE CHANNEL-SPOUTED VESSEL, DESIGNED TO BE HELD IN THE PALMS OF BOTH HANDS. PERIOD III, c. 1500 B.C.



FIG. 12. AN EGG-SHAPED VESSEL OF THE KIND CALLED "JORWE" AFTER THE TYPE SITE IN THE DECCAN. IT APPEARS ONLY DURING PERIOD III, IS RED, MATT, AND HAS A METALLIC RING.

Continued.] some extent. Fortunately, with the C-14 dates kindly provided by the Physics Department of the Pennsylvania University, U.S.A., we can date this Iranian penetration into Central India. Five samples so far examined relate to Periods III and IV. These, if we take into consideration the margin of error (about 125) either on the plus or the minus side, vary between c. 1631-1375 or c. 1419-1169 B.C. [Continued on opposite page.

INDIA 3300 YEARS AGO: THE NAVDA TOLI DISCOVERIES RECONSTRUCTED.



FIG. 13. LIFE AT NAVDA TOLI 3300 YEARS AGO; FROM A PAINTING BY SHRI S. K. KULKARNI RECONSTRUCTING THE CHALCOLITHIC VILLAGE BESIDE THE NARBADA. THE METHOD OF HOUSE CONSTRUCTION IS SHOWN, BUT THE CONICAL ROOFS ARE CONJECTURAL. ALL THE ACTIVITIES PORTRAYED, CORN-GRINDING, POTTING, AND THE LIKE, ARE BASED ON ACTUAL FINDS.



FIG. 14. THE POTTER OF NAVDA TOLI, 1300 B.C., SHOWING THE SHAPES AND DECORATION REVEALED BY EXCAVATION. FROM A RECONSTRUCTION PAINTING BY SHRI S. K. KULKARNI.

Continued.] Thus the arrival of a people with the peculiar channel-spouted cups may be safely dated to 1500 B.C.-1700 B.C. However, some 5 ft. of deposit, comprising several floors—that is, several villages—lie below this. Thus the first people with the white-slipped ware and the wine-cups might easily go back to a period around the beginning of the second millennium B.C. As Sir Mortimer Wheeler put it in a lecture in India, with this work at Navda

Toli, the great Indus Civilisation remains no longer isolated. Towards its close, another culture was trying to supplant it in Sind. About 2000 B.C. or slightly later it had reached Central India (Malwa). (Two illustrations [Figs. 13 and 14] prepared originally in colour by my artist, Shri S. K. Kulkarni, under my guidance, give an idea of the Chalcolithic village of Navda Toli and the Potter's house in c. 1300 B.C.)



WELCOMED BY LONDON: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WAVING TO THE CROWDS THAT CHEERED ALONG HIS ROUTE ON AUGUST 27, WHEN HE ARRIVED FOR HIS FIVE-DAY VISIT.

President Eisenhower of the United States is seen here acknowledging the warm greeting London gave him on his arrival from Bonn on August 27 for his five-day visit to this country. The President, who is accompanied on this important tour by Mr. Christian Herter, the Secretary of State, was greeted at the airport by Mr. Macmillan, who made a speech of welcome to which the President replied. He then drove in an open car from the airport

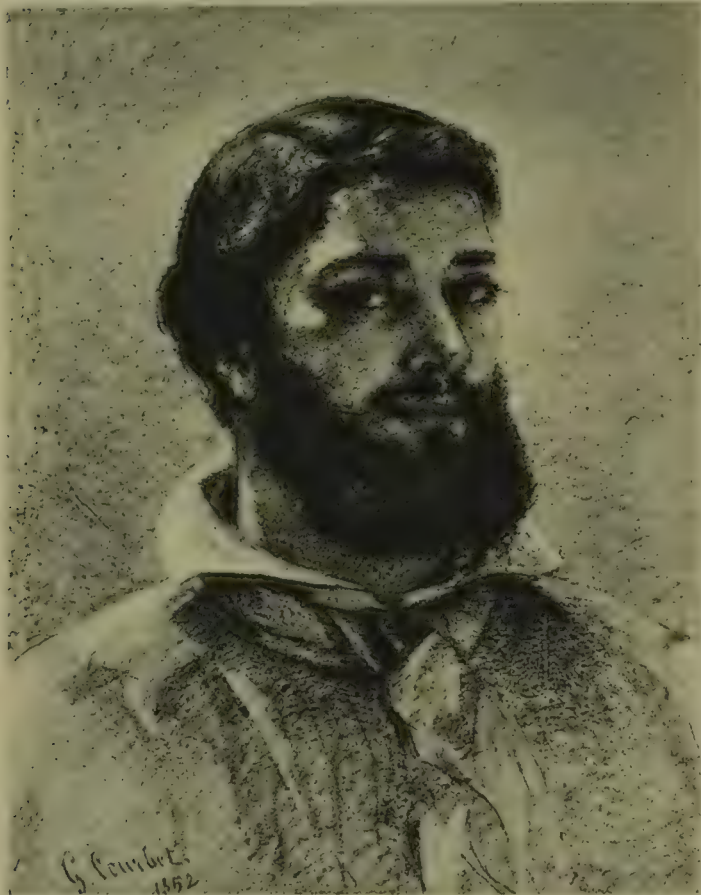
to Winfield House, the American Ambassador's residence, accompanied by Mr. Macmillan. The President had specially asked to be visible to crowds on his journey through London, and as all Government cars are closed, a handsome grey Rolls-Royce was borrowed from a private owner and the number-plate "USA 1" was quickly added. The pressure of the welcome given by the crowds, especially through Kensington and Hyde Park, was so

great that the procession of cars and outriders was forty minutes late in reaching Winfield House. The President responded with obvious delight to the reception given him which had the background of the reputation and esteem he gained in this country through the last war, and he waved, clasped his hands and spoke his thanks to the crowds. This visit, which includes a journey to Balmoral to see the Queen, has as the main purpose, discussions with the

Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, on the possibilities of a Summit Meeting. His journey is one that he said in Washington before he left, he wished could be extended until he had visited the capital of every nation that is dedicated to individual liberty and dignity. His itinerary includes Western Germany, Great Britain and France, and talks with the leaders of those countries, as well as with the heads of the N.A.T.O. organisation.



WHEN you enter the Gallery of Prints and Drawings nowadays at the British Museum, you are faced not by the drawings you have come to see but by a series of dull red curtains—I don't mean dreary red, but I do mean not bright red. The effect is, in fact, rather like going into a theatre just before the curtain rises; you are nicely poised upon the tiptoe of expectation—with



"SELF-PORTRAIT, 1852," BY COURBET (1819-1877): FRANK DAVIS WRITES THAT COURBET, "TO JUDGE BY THE MAGNIFICENT SELF-PORTRAIT OF 1852, MUST EVER MORE BE NUMBERED AMONG THE GREATEST." (Black chalk: 22½ by 17½ ins.)

this difference, that you can wander about under your own steam as and when you will and pull the curtains aside as the spirit moves you.

The reason, of course, is obvious: drawings fade if exposed for long periods to light. The odd thing is that once you have accustomed yourself to this infrequent method of holding an exhibition you find that the fact that the remainder are covered while you are exposing two or three only at a time is an aid to concentration. Most shows are staged with some regard to the relationship of one drawing to another; the eye is encouraged to roam about, and, if you are not very careful, the mind can begin to wander as well. Here, as with the early illustrated manuscripts in the library downstairs, we are encouraged—almost compelled—to study one thing at a time, and not to make comparisons.

There must be several hundred drawings, all of them portraits, hung upon the walls in this manner. Were they all visible at once, the effect, I am sure, would be astonishing, for there can be no two opinions as to their quality and range. As it is, the business—it can become almost a ritual—of going round and unveiling beauty at leisure heightens perception. Since the days of the great English collector the Earl of Arundel, of whom it was said "he chiefly affects drawings," this method of expression, whether in chalk or pen or, later, in water-colour, whether highly finished and an end in itself, or a mere note set down in haste to be used later as the basis for an oil painting, has fascinated most people in this country and in France.

Painters—Lely, for example, Reynolds and Lawrence—gathered together enormous collections

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

PORTRAITS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

and their example was followed by numerous amateurs. Some very fine examples from these early accumulations have found their way to the British Museum in the course of two centuries. In only one respect can one criticise the Museum administration of two and three generations ago. It was wholly blind to the work of the Impressionist and post-Impressionist painters when drawings by them could have been acquired for a song; that is an example of official timidity which can never be repaired. None the less, what marvels are there for all of us to enjoy! One pulls a curtain at random and finds oneself gazing at the astonishing head of a peasant woman by Dürer, then one ponders over the wonderful precision of Holbein's drawing of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, one of Henry VIII's innocent victims.

There is the lovely vivacious drawing, at once tender and witty, by Rubens of his first wife, Isabella Brandt, of whom he was to write so movingly and wisely after her death, and—I am still pulling curtains at random—another Rubens drawing, this time of an unknown Negress (as unfamiliar to me as, I dare say, it is to the majority of visitors!); with what speed, with what magnificent assurance has he modelled these barbaric features! I said earlier one is not tempted to make comparisons; I must eat my words, or at least modify them, for, with this splendid head still in my mind, I moved to the other side of the screen, pulled another curtain and there was a drawing by Sir Godfrey Kneller of the first Duke of Marlborough, a preliminary study this, for a portrait in oils at Blenheim, which was as flat as a pancake and as exciting as a suet pudding. So much for the great, the wealthy, the admired Sir Godfrey on that particular morning.

Sir Peter Lely, Van Dyck's pupil and successor, is to be seen in several portraits of men and women and displaying far more sincerity than was his custom in the oils upon which his popularity was chiefly built. The famous

series of Court beauties is scarcely more than a series of simpering masks compared to one or two of these drawings—notably one of an unknown woman seen in profile to the left; but then one can get away with insincerity in a portrait in oils easier than in a drawing. As to why this should be so I have no adequate answer, except that perhaps a fine drawing is necessarily something immediate and spontaneous, whereas a painting can be worked over.

Among the Van Dycks a minor example which struck me was a sensitive drawing of the thin, rather haggard features of the painter Orazio Gentileschi, who was brought over to England in 1626 by the Duke of Buckingham and painted many ceilings. There is a revealing self-portrait by Carlo Maratti—why was it that so many of Maratti's contemporaries in Italy (he was born in 1625 and died in 1713) could draw better than they could paint? Two 19th-century English drawings are fascinating for very different reasons and I imagine must be known to very few. One is a lively water-colour of Captain Becher, that eupeptic whiskered gentleman-rider, who looks as if he stepped straight out of a novel by Surtees—the self-same Becher who gave his name to Becher's Brook and was manager of the racecourse at Notting Hill from 1837 to 1841. This is by a painter with the unlikely name of Duppa and is by no means a performance to be despised, though, to be sure, it has nothing of the easy command of line to be enjoyed in a black chalk drawing of a

jockey by Degas not far away. The other is a portrait by Henry Walter of Blake's romantically-minded and highly-gifted disciple, Samuel Palmer, sitting beneath an enormous hat like some unpublished character from "Alice in Wonderland."

Again, going back in time and pulling more curtains, there is the delightful drawing by Van Diepenbeck of the Duke of Newcastle riding, with Bolsover Castle in the background—the same drawing which was used for the engraving for the Duke's famous book on Dressage published in 1658. There are, of course, portraits by all the great names—by Raphael, by Rembrandt, by Michelangelo, by Watteau and their peers. By comparison, Gainsborough seems flimsy, while Courbet, to judge by the magnificent self-portrait of 1852, must ever more be numbered among the greatest. This, by reason of its supreme self-confidence, makes one think of Rubens himself. How interesting these self-portraits are! And how difficult to decide sometimes whether they really show their authors as they actually were! Presumably a man looks in the mirror and fully intends to set down truthfully what he sees—but how often do we feel that he is not quite honest with himself, seeing what he wants to see rather than the real man. But this Courbet, like all the Rembrandt self-portraits all over the world, and the Corot in the Louvre, strikes one as wholly sincere as well as vital.

The Museum, in addition to its many other masterpieces, is gloriously rich in figure studies by Watteau; even if all his paintings had disappeared and all the drawings in other collections, the



"PORTRAIT OF ANDREA QUARATESI," BY MICHELANGELO (1475-1564): ONE OF THE SUPERB WORKS FROM THE EXHIBITION "SEVEN CENTURIES OF PORTRAIT-DRAWING IN EUROPE," NOW ON VIEW IN THE GALLERY OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS, BRITISH MUSEUM. (Black chalk: 16½ by 11½ ins.)

evidence of the fifty-three of various kinds in the Print Room would be sufficient to establish his reputation. He seems never to have improvised when he set out to paint a picture; but to have used drawings made from the life which he kept by him in a sketch-book. Hence the great variety of studies from his hand carefully treasured in all great collections of the world, and none more entrancing than a sheet with the four drawings of the head of a young woman.

"WORK IN PROGRESS" EXHIBITION IN EDINBURGH: STUDIES FOR PAINTINGS.



STUDY FOR "THE HURDY GURDY MAN," BY NICOLAS MAES (1632-1678): ONE OF THE STUDIES IN THE EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH, "WORK IN PROGRESS." (Pen and wash: 6½ by 10½ ins.)



"THE HURDY GURDY MAN," BY NICOLAS MAES: THE FINISHED WORK CLOSELY BASED ON THE DRAWING ON THE LEFT. (Museum of Dordrecht.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS," BY JACOPO BASSANO (c. 1515-1592): THE FINISHED PAINTING. (Museo Civico, Bassano.)



STUDY FOR THE "PORTRAIT OF NICOLAS LANIERE," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND'S CURRENT EXHIBITION CALLED "WORK IN PROGRESS." (Black and white chalk: 15½ by 11½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF NICOLAS LANIERE," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK: THE THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH PORTRAIT FOR WHICH THE DRAWING NEXT TO IT IS A CLOSE STUDY. (Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.)



STUDY FOR "THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS": A PRELIMINARY DRAWING OF FIGURES FOR BASSANO'S PAINTING ABOVE. (Black and white chalk: 9½ by 12½ in.)



(Above.) STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF ST. FRANCIS IN THE PAINTING SHOWN NEXT TO IT, "THE ABSOLUTION OF ST. FRANCIS," BY FEDERIGO BAROCCI: FROM THE EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH. (Coloured chalk: 13½ by 10½ ins.)

(Left.) "THE ABSOLUTION OF ST. FRANCIS," BY FEDERIGO BAROCCI (c. 1527-1612). THE HEAD OF THE SAINT IS CLOSELY BASED ON THE DRAWING NEXT TO IT. (San Francesco, Urbino.)

The idea of holding an exhibition of preliminary drawings for finished paintings, showing how an artist's ideas for a completed picture changed in the course of his working on it, is one which must appeal to everyone, particularly to those who like to peer behind the scenes at the artists at work. This was probably the chief appeal in the recent film "The Picasso Mystery"; and what would one not give for a collection of Leonardo's studies for the "Mona

Lisa's" smile? The current exhibition called "Work in Progress," at the National Gallery of Scotland, shows thirty-five drawings from the Gallery's own collection, all studies for completed paintings. Timed for the Edinburgh Festival, it will remain open until October 31. Besides the drawings illustrated here, there is a vigorous drawing by Degas for the portrait of Diego Martelli and a most interesting geometrical study for a ceiling by Cambiaso.

THE NELSON TOUCH.

"TRAFALGAR." By OLIVER WARNER.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE potential reader of this book may be tempted to ask if there really was any necessity for adding yet another volume to the already vast literature on the Battle of Trafalgar, but if he perseveres to the end he will surely answer the question in the affirmative. Trafalgar is unique in the history of the British Navy. No comparable battle has since been fought by it, and there was not to be another similar fleet action until that off Jutland in the First World War. Nor is this all, for the dramatic death of England's greatest sailor in the hour of victory has invested the whole affair with a romance which is never now likely to lose its appeal, with the result that to this day Nelson and Trafalgar mean more to the British Navy than do Wellington and Waterloo to the British Army.

It would be idle to deny that to some extent this state of affairs is due to the mistaken belief that Trafalgar saved Europe from an immediate invasion by Napoleon who was awaiting his opportunity on the other side of the English Channel. Such was not the case, as the author is at considerable pains to point out, for before the battle was fought the French Emperor had broken up his camp at Boulogne, and was marching away along the road which led to such triumphs as Ulm and Austerlitz. On the other hand, invasion of some sort and at some time was always a possibility so long as there was an enemy battle-fleet in being. Until this was sunk at Trafalgar only a change of wind was required at the crucial moment, and one of the greatest soldiers of all time with a veteran army would have been on English soil. Our own generation may not greatly have cared for the sight of a German aeroplane in an English sky, but our forefathers had before them for some years the far grimmer prospect of one day seeing the bearskins of the Old Guard topping an English rise. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar not only put an end to this nightmare, but it also pointed the way to Waterloo: as the author shows us:

A favourite analogy, used of the process which follows when a land-power engages in warfare against a sea-power, is to describe the matter as a tussle between an elephant and a whale. But in more recent English history what has invariably happened is that the whale has turned amphibian, while the elephant has never crossed the stretch of sea which matters most, the English Channel. The elephant has threatened; it has never been able to strike the final blow. The whale, on the other hand, while retaining mastery in its own element, has gone ashore, with aid from allied creatures, and has at last forced the elephant to come to terms.

Trafalgar was, above all else, Nelson's victory, and nothing can deprive him of this credit; he was also clearly the idol of those who served under him; yet in retrospect he does not, as a man, appear very attractive. His treatment of Caracciolo, for instance, must always remain a blot on his memory, and one needs to be very young not to find the *affaire* with Lady Hamilton a trifle sordid—rather like that of Parnell with Kitty O'Shea. On the solitary occasion on which the two men met, Wellington, it will be remembered, first of all considered him a braggart, then as the conversation between them developed, he came to the conclusion that the sailor "really was a very superior man." In this work Mr. Warner is only concerned with Nelson as the victor of Trafalgar, and he has, therefore, every justification for portraying him as a very great man indeed. Not the least of his personal merits was his utter lack of rancour where his foes were concerned, and the force of his example was a potent factor in the chivalrous behaviour of all ranks towards the enemy from the moment that action was joined; his express wish was that "humanity after victory" should be "the predominant feature in the British Fleet," and it is satisfactory to be told by the author that this "was fulfilled to the letter."

Mr. Warner rightly stresses the part played by the Spanish Fleet at Trafalgar, though this may come as a surprise to some readers. Spanish ship-building had "established a pattern of excellence such as was the envy of most shipyards," while "every account speaks of the kindly spirit which continued between the Spanish and the British":

Formerly allies, British and Spanish would end the long war on the same side, and their enmity was never deep throughout the years when Spain was politically linked with France. The Spaniards were monarchist and religious—so, in their differing ways, were the British. With the French it was different. They were prickly allies, and, so the Spaniards thought, un-

Thinking it almost impossible to bring a fleet of forty sail of the line into a line of battle in variable winds, rain, weather and other circumstances which must occur, without such loss of time that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive.
I have made up my mind to keep the fleet in that position of sailing (with the exception of the first and second in command) that the order of sailing is to be the order of battle, placing the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships each with an advanced squadron.

"THE NELSON TOUCH": PART OF HIS PLAN OF CAMPAIGN BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR KNOWN AS THE "FIGHTING MEMORANDUM." NELSON WROTE TO EMMA HAMILTON, "SOME SHED TEARS, ALL APPROVED—'IT WAS NEW—IT WAS SINGULAR—IT WAS SIMPLE!' AND, FROM ADMIRALS DOWNWARDS, IT WAS REPEATED—'IT MUST SUCCEED, IF EVER THEY WILL ALLOW US TO GET AT THEM! YOU ARE, MY LORD, SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS WHOM YOU INSPIRE WITH CONFIDENCE.'"



REAR-ADMIRAL MAGON, ONE OF THE MOST EXPERIENCED OF THE FRENCH COMMANDERS, WHO WAS KILLED DURING THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. HIS FLAGSHIP WAS THE *ALEGECEIRAS*.
(From an engraving by Maurin [1837].)

(These illustrations from the book "Trafalgar" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd.)



CAPTAIN JEAN-JACQUES LUCAS, WHO COMMANDED THE *REDOUTABLE*, PROBABLY THE BEST-TRAINED OF THE FRENCH SHIPS. IT WAS FROM THE *REDOUTABLE* THAT NELSON WAS SHOT BY A MARKSMAN FIRING FROM THE SHIP'S MIZZEN TOP. (From an engraving by Maurin [1837].)

generous foes. Most of them had at one time publicly professed atheism, and although they now boasted an Emperor, and made a great show of the allegiance to the new dynasty, it was as a soldier that Napoleon had made his name, and his action in throwing away both his own fleet and that of his allies did not endear him to the victims.

The corollary of this was the coolness which existed between the French and Spanish High Command,

and although it would be an exaggeration to say that this was a contributory cause of the loss of the battle, it certainly militated against effective co-operation. To this day Spaniards feel that their part in that particular war was to pull the French chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of Godoy, and Masses are still said in Spain on the anniversary of Trafalgar for the souls of Gravina and his men—it would be interesting to know whether Villeneuve and those who served under him receive the same tribute in modern France.

Of one thing there can be no doubt, and it is that both the French and the Spaniards fought very well indeed: the author speaks of "gallant resistance, made without any real hope of success; of dreadful carnage and material destruction; of comparatively ineffective gunnery." The truth was that the English won, not because they were braver men than their adversaries, but because they were led by a genius, while Villeneuve was a mediocrity, and they were themselves old hands at naval warfare. Indeed, in this last connection it is extraordinary what excellent material the press-gangs were able to collect: the pressed men may have been "the scum of the earth," to quote Wellington's opinion of his soldiers, but they made excellent sailors in a remarkably short time.

Yet, when all is said and done, any consideration of the battle of Trafalgar must end where it inevitably begins, namely, with a tribute to the strategic and tactical brilliance of Nelson, for it was, above all, an offensive, not a defensive, success. His pre-eminence as an admiral largely rests on the fact that he broke away from the old theory of the parallel order of battle which he early realised was based on purely defensive theories. According to them a line of warships could bring so great a superiority of fire to bear against an enemy approaching in line ahead formation that it would be suicidal for him to attempt to do so. Nelson, however, saw the fallacy in this idea which was that in view of the restricted range and inaccuracy of the guns of the day the danger of being blasted out of action by a wall of converging fire was limited to the last few hundred yards of the approach. Nor was this all, for experience had taught him that once contact had been established, the decisive factor was superiority of gunnery.

It was in this respect that the British outclassed the French and the Spaniards, for their fire was at once more accurate and more rapid, and the reason for this superiority was that during the blockade which had of recent years been so prominent a feature of naval warfare the French and Spaniards had been unable to do much by way of gunnery practice, whereas the British had enjoyed every opportunity. For Nelson, "the old days of stately, formal challenge were, in his eyes, gone for good. The only way to fight Napoleon was to be as ruthless as he was, and equally skilful." At Trafalgar these ideas were put into practice with conspicuous success, so that in due course, first the Peninsular War, and then Waterloo, became possible, while for Napoleon it was in very truth the beginning of the end, though that end was to be postponed for nearly a decade.

"Trafalgar." By Oliver Warner. Illustrated. (Batsford; 21s.)

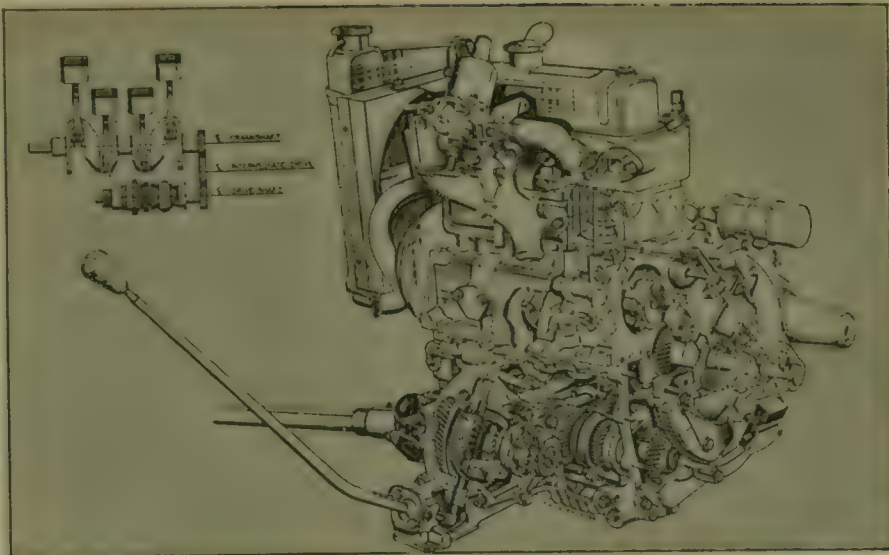


THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. OLIVER WARNER. Born in 1903, Mr. Warner is ninth in direct descent from Oliver Cromwell. Educated at Cambridge, he joined Chatto and Windus in 1926 as a publisher's reader, and remained with the firm until the Second World War, when he joined the Secretariat of the Admiralty. He has a paramount interest in maritime affairs, and has contributed at various times to *The Spectator*, *Time and Tide* and to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

REVOLUTIONARY "PEOPLE'S CARS": THE AUSTIN SEVEN AND MORRIS MINI-MINOR.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE LAYOUT OF THE NEW AUSTIN SEVEN AND MORRIS MINI-MINOR: THE AMPLE LUGGAGE SPACE IS CLEARLY SHOWN IN THIS DIAGRAM.



THE TRANSVERSELY MOUNTED ENGINE OF THE NEW MORRIS MINI-MINOR: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COMPACT 850-C.C. 4-CYLINDER UNIT. THE GEAR-BOX AND FINAL DRIVE TO THE FRONT WHEELS ARE UNDERNEATH. THE CARS ARE CAPABLE OF 70 M.P.H.



THE MORRIS MINI-MINOR WITH ITS DESIGNER, MR. ALEC ISSIGONIS: THE TWIN CAR TO THE AUSTIN SEVEN SEEN ON DISPLAY AT THE FIGHTING VEHICLE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT AT CHOBHAM.



THE TRANSVERSELY MOUNTED 850-C.C. 4-CYLINDER ENGINE OF THE MORRIS MINI-MINOR: A VIEW UNDERNEATH THE BONNET.

ON August 25 the British Motor Corporation announced its revolutionary twin "People's Cars," the Austin Seven and the Morris Mini-Minor. Available at two prices—the standard model at just under £500, the *de luxe* model being £36 dearer—the new cars present a significant advance in low-priced motoring in their combination of economy with a good degree of speed and comfort. The twin cars—which differ only in their grille and badge motif—can comfortably seat four passengers, are capable of 70 m.p.h.; have a normal petrol consumption of between 50 and 60 m.p.g.; and are equipped with independent suspension on all four wheels, rubber spring cones being used. The compact 850-c.c. 4-cylinder engine has its gear-box underneath to make more room for driver and passengers. An initial output of 3000 cars a week is aimed at.

(Right.) ALL SUCCESSFULLY—AND COMFORTABLY—CARRIED BY THE NEW BABY CAR: FIVE ADULTS, A BABY, TWO POODLES, AND A GREAT QUANTITY OF VARYING TYPES OF LUGGAGE.





THE CHANGING FACE OF FARNBOROUGH.

BY EDWARD BOWYER, C.B.E.

Chief Executive and Director, The Society of British Aircraft Constructors.



"FARNBOROUGH" was at Hendon in 1932. Two days after that year's Royal Air Force Pageant some 700 guests of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors assembled beside the grassy Service airfield to watch the first attempt in the world to demonstrate for potential buyers the aeroplane moving in its proper three-dimensional medium, supported by a modest "static" exhibition, in two small tents, of aero engines, instruments and aircraft parts.

Sturdy Service and prototype biplanes with fabric-covered wings and fuselage were by far the majority of the thirty-six aeroplanes on view, though there were a few monoplanes of what was then advanced design—a night bomber and half-a-dozen small and medium transports. These in the main were the exhibits got together for the Royal Air Force Pageant and assembled in what was then generally known as the "amusement park," i.e., they were the newer products of the British Aircraft Industry!

The impression remaining in the mind over the lapse of years is that the occasion was a gentlemanly and comparatively peaceful one, notable for polished aerobatics within the confines of the aerodrome and, from the modern aspect, devoid of supersonic bangs and shattering low-level flight at Mach 0.9. Hand signals and Verry lights operated successfully where nowadays radar screens and the whole complex machinery of an ultra-modern air traffic control must be called in to keep the flying demonstrations to that meticulous standard of timing which has always marked the S.B.A.C. Displays.

The 1932 Display catalogue records that the event "is the first of its kind to be organised anywhere in the world." The foreword is also able to claim that in the previous three years the British Aircraft Industry had led in the world's export trade in flying *matériel*. From the first the guiding purpose of these events has been business, and that is one aspect which, throughout the many other changes, has never varied.

In the early 'thirties the Aircraft Industry was small, its turnover minute, but its products efficient. Later in the decade a look at the origin of aircraft adopted for Naval and Royal Air Force service showed that of new types designed to fulfil an official specification, only one in six reached production and the squadrons; of aircraft designed as private ventures, embodying the opinion of the manufacturers on what the Services really wanted, no fewer than one in three went into production and service operation. Apparently in those days at least the industry knew better what the Services really needed than the officers responsible for stating operational requirements.

There was then wide and challenging scope for private enterprise and private design. Drawing office costs, the building of a prototype, and the installation of its power-plant and simple equipment, totalled sums of money which were within the resources even of the smaller manufacturer. Nowadays, the face of things is changed indeed. Great sums are involved in design, development and jiggling and tooling for production of the modern combat or of the larger civil aircraft—going generally far beyond the resources of any single manufacturer, or even of groups of companies. A new, large airliner will cost up to £15,000,000. Development of a new, powerful engine costs at least as much, while for both the time which must elapse before that enormous capital investment begins to show a return is much nearer ten or twenty years than one or two. Nowadays no one can attempt a new Service aircraft as a private venture, and the burden on those who state official requirements and their responsibility for making the right decision are thereby much the greater. One wishes them well and hopes for the best!

The 1932 Display was the first of the series which, with the inevitable gap of 1938-45, has

continued annually to attract always a larger number of people influential in aviation all over the world, while the move to the Royal Aircraft Establishment in 1948 enabled the Society to open the event to the general public. From the aerobatics over the green fields of Hendon to the conclusion of last year's Display, the Society had presented no fewer than eighty-five separate programmes of demonstration flying—an achievement without parallel in the world. Given fine weather, seven more will be clocked up in 1959. We have had our imitators—at Paris every two



FROM THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY OF 1932: AN AUTOGYRO AT HENDON. THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS GAVE THEIR FIRST DEMONSTRATION THERE THAT YEAR. THE AUTOGYRO WAS PAINTED AS A MONSTER TO REPEL AN IMAGINARY MARTIAN INVASION.

years and tentative efforts in the United States—but the S.B.A.C. Display remains, in the words of the head of a great foreign airline, "the meeting-place of world aviation."

The changing face of "Farnborough" has reflected, among other things, the extraordinary technical advances of twenty-seven years: from the stick-and-string biplane to the supersonic aeroplane and the guided missile; from the in-line

Force, the re-entry research and test vehicle known as *Black Knight* (essential forerunner of the *Blue Streak* long-range missile)—all of these remarkable achievements of British technical brains express not only Government defence policy, but the notable successes of British scientists, research workers, designers and technicians.

These British contributions to the evolution of the guided missile, and inevitably, therefore, to the exploration of outer space, are unsurpassed in efficiency and performance. *Black Knight's* record of 100 per cent. success in firing at Woomera is unparalleled. Indeed, it is in the exact sense amazing. An American expert has calculated that nothing less than reliability of 99.99996 per cent. is permissible in the components of missiles and space vehicles. If, he says, a missile has 1000 critical parts, each of them with a reliability factor of 99 per cent., the missile itself will have a reliability of less than 1 per cent.—that is, it will fail at least 99 times out of 100. If it has more than 1000 critical parts the standard must be even higher.

An order of trustworthiness which in every detail must go near perfection is probably the most difficult problem ever to confront the engineering industry. It has involved a veritable revolution in manufacturing, testing and quality control techniques to an unprecedented extent, and must add materially to the debt which British engineering industry owes, and will continue to owe, to the pioneering work of the aircraft and its associated industries.

Again, this new advance is reflected in the equipment, materials and production techniques as they are illustrated in the exhibition building. It is manifest in miniaturised equipment of incredible complexity, gyroscopes as delicately fashioned and more costly than their weight in gold, and in actuating mechanisms working to astonishingly fine tolerances. The cry from the naïve pieces of machinery in the two tents at Hendon is a far one indeed.

The human face of Farnborough has matured. Collectively, the Society's guests represent more than 100 different States and territories throughout the world. They are incomparably better

equipped with technical knowledge and engineering experience than the Society's guests of twenty-seven years ago. Equally, the industry has grown up. In retrospect, the early 'thirties were carefree and young; to-day, the technical immensity and scope of the aircraft and guided weapons industries induce a graver atmosphere, while the many thousands of technicians, to whom the event is given over on the first day, complement in their bewildering variety of skills the virtual miracles of technique and engineering achievement on the exhibition stands.

These are the men upon whom rests the future prosperity of our nation, which will maintain its standards of living, and improve them, only if we continue in the forefront of advanced technological progress. Individually, they are in the main ordinary people; together they are in truth the nation's wealth in brain-power. They must not be discouraged, and their abilities dispersed, in the technological world of to-day and to-morrow.

Thus far have we travelled in 1959. What of the next ten, twenty, thirty—even fifty—years on? Let us agree that there is no limit to the potentialities of technological advance in the industries represented in the S.B.A.C. Let us also remember that the pace of technical development is still accelerating. It follows that a Display and Exhibition in the year 2000 will show an even stranger face than 1959 would have presented to the guests at Hendon in 1932. Nevertheless, it will still reflect the technical achievement and successes of British industry; of the continued existence and high performance of those whom the Society represents I, personally, have no doubt.



INVERTED FLYING IN 1932: "FARNBOROUGH," AS WE KNOW IT, AROSE FROM THIS "FIRST ATTEMPT IN THE WORLD TO DEMONSTRATE FOR POTENTIAL BUYERS THE AEROPLANE MOVING IN ITS PROPER THREE-DIMENSIONAL MEDIUM."

From "The Illustrated London News," June 25, 1932.

and radial piston engines of modest power to the turbine engine of 10 tons thrust and more; from the simple altimeter, airspeed indicator and compass to the electronic computer and radar; from the elementary forms of gun-sight and bomb-aiming grid to the complete fire-control system. The modern combat aircraft, containing within its deceptively simple-looking streamlined shape so great a mass and variety of intricate electronic, hydraulic and oleo-pneumatic equipment, is no longer just a flying machine, but the expression in flight of a complete weapon system for defence and counter-attack.

Early in 1953 the S.B.A.C. brought the guided missile and its associated power-plant and equipment within the scope of its organisation and work, and thereby prepared the way for the most dramatic change in the appearance of the Society's exhibitions. In the past two or three years the area devoted to guided missiles has greatly expanded; in 1959 the guided weapon "park" is again 40 per cent. larger than in 1958. Anti-tank weapons, the stand-off bomb, formidable surface-to-air missiles now going into service with the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air

SMALLER AND SMALLER: THE NEW TRANSISTOR SETS AT THE RADIO SHOW.



INVICTA'S MODEL 31 TRANSISTOR PORTABLE: AN ATTRACTIVE AND LIGHT RECEIVER WITH DIMENSIONS OF 8 BY 11½ BY 4½ INS. ITS PRICE IS 18½ GNS.



THE PERDIO PICCADILLY TWO-WAVEBAND TRANSISTOR SET: A RADIO, PRICED AT 16 GNS., WITH THE DIMINUTIVE DIMENSIONS OF 6½ BY 4½ BY 1½ INS. THE CABINET IS OF PLASTIC.

At the Radio Show, which opened at Earls Court on August 26, one of the chief centres of interest was the use of transistors which are replacing conventional valves and allow a considerable reduction in the size of sets. They also economise so much in batteries that it is claimed a portable using transistors could run for a year without battery replacements. These small radio sets may well soon prove a serious challenge to the usual mains-driven radio receiver. New streamlined television sets which the development of the new wide-angle picture tube with its much [Continued opposite.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EARL'S COURT RADIO SHOW: THE MANY STANDS WITH THEIR EXHIBITS.

AN ELEGANT PYE TRANSISTOR PORTABLE: THE NEW JEWEL CASE WHICH HAS ONLY ONE SMALL 9-VOLT BATTERY. ITS DIMENSIONS ARE 8½ BY 12½ BY 4 INS. THIS ATTRACTIVE SET IS PRICED AT 19½ GUINEAS.

Continued.] reduced front-to-back measurements have brought to the fore are shown with slimness as their aim and to this end there is a set that can be hung in a corner or set on a stand. Among the other delights at the Radio Show that was opened by Lord Brabazon of Tara, there is a mink-covered portable that is designed to match a stole or a bikini. There is a radiogram incorporating two stereophonic sound channels and their speaking units in one, and visitors can hear "Operation Moonbounce," a voice reflected back to earth from the moon by the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope.



THE EMERSON MODEL E555 TRANSISTOR SET, BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED IN GOLD AND BLACK. IT RECEIVES ON MEDIUM AND LONG WAVELENGTHS AND HAS A CAR AERIAL SOCKET. THE PRICE IS 19 GUINEAS.



SOME 21-IN. TELEVISION TUBES: ALL GIVE THE SAME SIZE PICTURE. THE SMALLEST IS USED FOR THE NEW VERY SLIM SETS.



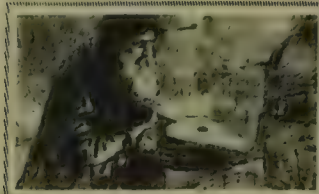
THE PERTH MERCURY TRANSISTOR PORTABLE: A SET WHICH GIVES HIGH-QUALITY RECEPTION ON ALL WAVEBANDS: ITS SIZE IS 9 BY 6½ BY 3 INS. AND IT IS PRICED AT 31 GUINEAS.



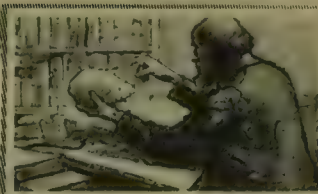
THE GARRARD "MAGAZINE LOADED" TAPE DECK: THE 4-IN. SPOOLS GIVE ABOUT 35 MINUTES IN EACH DIRECTION. THE PRICE—WITHOUT THE CASE—IS ESTIMATED AT 15 GUINEAS.



THE SLIMMEST-EVER TELEVISION RECEIVER: THE EKCO SET WHICH HAS A 17-IN. SCREEN, AND WHICH INCORPORATES A SPECIAL 110° SHORT-NECKED TUBE. ITS PRICE IS 62 GUINEAS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SPELL-BINDING STOATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE old-time naturalist—and he has not long been extinct—used to speak of certain animals as using “charming” tactics. The implication was that they cast their spells over other animals. But, just in case it may be thought that they used some sort of magic, let me give an example. It is over twenty years now since I heard a first-hand account of this. It was given me by an old gentleman. He described how, returning from the hunt, he was riding through the woods when he saw a fox ahead of him behaving, as he put it, “as if it had gone crazy.” It was prancing on stiff legs, rolling on the ground, somersaulting; in short, performing as if it had taken leave of its senses.

The old man told me how he had reined in his horse and watched; and as he watched he saw rabbits drawing near to the fox, slowly, as if impelled by curiosity, until there was a ring of rabbits round the fox. Finally, the fox pounced. The rest of the rabbits, startled out of their spell, ran for cover, leaving the fox with its victim.

I had heard the same story before, of a stoat behaving in a similar way, and with the same result. And in the pages of magazines and books of half-a-century or more ago there are a number of such stories.

We know that foxes and stoats are playful. We know also that, by animal standards, they are intelligent. Even remembering these things, it still seemed difficult to believe that they would have the wit to indulge in such tactics deliberately. That this sort of thing does—or did—happen seems beyond doubt. The standing of some at least of the eye-witnesses that have recorded such an event gives confidence that we can accept the stories of “charming” as substantially correct. It is the explanation which is in doubt.

For some years now I have been hoping, and trying, to see this for myself, but without success, and that is why I wonder whether it still happens. The stories of foxes and stoats charming to get an easy meal belong to a time when the countryside, at least in this country, was a great deal more quiet than it is to-day. They belong to a period when the petrol-engine was in its infancy, or even earlier than that. They also belong to a time when people, naturalists or not naturalists, had a greater tendency to walk quietly through the countryside.

I have from time to time gone off on my own to walk quietly through the fields and the woods, hoping to chance on such a scene. However, I never have seen it for myself, and so I formulated a theory. Briefly it is this: while it may be difficult to believe that a fox or a stoat would have the ability to reason out such a sequence of events, and so use the tactics deliberately, it might happen by accident. A fox or stoat, feeling playful, starts to indulge this feeling, the rabbits gather round, and the rest is easy. Then, having once achieved such a desirable end, namely, the acquisition of a meal by clowning, the lesson could perhaps be learned and the tactics repeated deliberately.

Unfortunately, without having actually witnessed such an event, one can but theorise and, in doing so, speculate perhaps rather wildly. Such a theory, as that now propounded, holds water

largely because the antics that have been described bear a close relation to those that can be seen when such animals are at play, either in their infancy, or when courting, as well as at other times. Can it be, then, that such scenes are of more rare occurrence to-day because the peace of the countryside has been so much disturbed?



ENJOYING THE CONTACT OF WET MOSS ON ITS BODY: A STOAT IN THE PROCESS OF ROLLING AND TUMBLING IN A WAY THAT GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF ITS HAVING TAKEN LEAVE OF ITS SENSES.



A STOAT DRAGGING ITS BODY OVER THE WET MOSS: ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE FACT THAT CERTAIN ANIMALS MAKE A POINT OF RUBBING THEMSELVES ON SOFT SUBSTANCES. THIS STOAT IS PULLING ITSELF FORWARD WITH ITS FRONT PAWS, LEAVING THE HIND-LEGS AND TAIL TRAILING BEHIND.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

The human population has increased, the amount of land under cultivation is greater, the roads are noisy with traffic, the air filled with the drone of aircraft. Even the work of the agriculturist and the forester has been mechanised. The first requisite for play is freedom from overriding care. For an animal this means freedom from disturbance.

In the last year or two, with rabbits so scarce following the epidemic of myxomatosis, I have made no deliberate effort to look for a display of charming tactics. I have, however, seen other things that may possibly suggest an alternative explanation to that given here.

There are at least two kinds of play to be seen

in the higher animals. The patterns, as represented by the bodily movements, are in many respects similar. The causes are different. Play, as in young animals, can arise spontaneously. It can also be triggered by an external stimulus, such as the presence of a plaything or of a companion to play with, but it can also take place in the absence of these, apparently spontaneously, as if the urge were wholly from within. There is, however, the other form of play which is touched off by an outside stimulus.

A stoat, on first coming into contact with snow, may roll in it, burrow into it and somersault on it. These actions give the appearance of a sensual enjoyment of having every part of the body in contact with the snow. It is as if the animal enjoyed the feel of the wet, cold substance on its fur, or, perhaps, on the skin. This is most strikingly brought out by one characteristic action, when the stoat drags its underside along the surface of the snow, using the forelegs to drag the body and allowing the hind-legs to trail, so that the whole body is fully outstretched. The stoat seems to be luxuriating in the new sensation. It also appears to be playing even to the extent of having taken leave of its senses.

Snow is not the only thing that will induce this. A similar display can be seen sometimes on damp moss; and doubtless other situations may lead to the same result. Our genet, for example, fairly habitually, goes through a similar sequence of evolutions in the evening, when she first comes out for her nightly activities. She will do this on grass that is not wetted by dew or by rain. In her case there is no appearance of clowning, because every action is slow and infinitely graceful, but, speeded up, the performance would not differ substantially from that of a stoat. Because it is carried out slowly, however, the impression it leaves is different. She appears to be “making a fuss” of Mother Earth. In fact, she is making a fuss of herself on Mother Earth.

Domesticated animals, and others tamed and kept as close pets, are stroked and fussed by their owners. One learns in time where best to stroke them, to give the animals the greatest satisfaction. These also are the parts that animals behaving like the stoat, on snow or damp moss, or the genet, on grass, endeavour most to bring into contact.

It is only recently that I have come to look upon these performances with more than usual interest, with an enquiring eye rather than the eye of curiosity. Previously, when I saw them I found myself watching, spellbound, so to speak, at something out of the ordinary. Curiosity is the fourth most compelling ingredient influencing animal behaviour, and I see no reason why rabbits, or any other of the higher animals, should be less disposed than I am to draw near to watch.

There is one strong argument against supposing that charming tactics are used deliberately, at least so far as a stoat is concerned. Although this animal appears to watch you fixedly from a distance, it is doubtful whether it can see far. Certainly, a stoat will follow a rabbit's scent with its nose and be apparently unaware of the rabbit itself near at hand. To suppose, therefore, that it sees rabbits all around and decides to draw them near it is rather out of the question.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TAKING AIM AT A GROUSE SHOOT IN PERTHSHIRE: DON CARLOS, SON OF DON JUAN, PRETENDER TO THE SPANISH THRONE. WITH HIM IS THE COUNTESS OF BERANTEVILLE.
On August 26 Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish Throne, together with his twenty-one-year-old son, Don Carlos, went grouse-shooting on the Drumour Estate, Dunkeld, Perthshire. Other members of the party included the Duke of Alba and the Marchioness of Manzanedo.



IN DON JUAN'S PARTY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE MARQUIS OF GRINON, THE DUKE OF ALBA, THE MARCHIONESS OF MANZANEDO AND VISCOUNT MIRAVALLES.



(Left.) RELIEVED OF HIS COMMAND: CAPTAIN JAMES ARMSTRONG.
Much criticism was aroused, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the dismissal—after thirty years' service—by the Cunard Steamship Company of Captain James Armstrong, formerly master of the liner *Britannic*. It was alleged that he showed "favouritism" to one or more passengers. An attempt is being made by friends to secure his return.



AT REHEARSAL: MISS GEORGINA PARKINSON, CHOSEN TO REPLACE MISS LYNN SEYMOUR, WHO IS SUFFERING FROM A FOOT INJURY.
Miss Georgina Parkinson, who has been a member of the Royal Ballet for the past four years, will dance the leading rôle in Andrée Howard's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

(Right.) APPOINTED G.O.C. IN MALAYA: MAJ.-GENERAL SIR RODNEY MOORE.
At the end of October Major-General Sir Rodney Moore, who is fifty-four, will become General Officer Commanding the Army of the Federation of Malaya and Chief of Staff of the armed forces of the Federation. General Moore was until recently G.O.C. London District and Major-General Commanding the Household Brigade. He will succeed Gen. Brooke.



(Right.) APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF R.A.E., FARNBOROUGH: PROFESSOR M. LIGHTHILL.
Professor Michael James Lighthill, F.R.S., will succeed Sir George Gardner as Director of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. Professor Lighthill has been Beyer Professor of Applied Mathematics at the University of Manchester since 1950. The new Director is well known for his theoretical work on jet noise and on fluid dynamics.



(Left.) A VISITOR TO LONDON: SR. CASTIELLA, THE SPANISH FOREIGN MINISTER.
Señor Fernando Castiella, the Spanish Foreign Minister, had talks with President Eisenhower during his visit. He said that he had not come to seek Spain's entry into N.A.T.O. Señor Castiella thought that it was primarily because of Spain's absence from N.A.T.O. that matters of common interest should be discussed with the United States.



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED IN THE GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS PLAYED AT WOLLATON PARK, BIRMINGHAM, ON AUGUST 28: MISS SHEILA VAUGHAN (RIGHT, HUYTON AND PRESCOT) WITH MISS JULIA GREENHALGH (PLEASINGTON), WHOM SHE DEFEATED BY ONE HOLE.



NEALE FRASER THROWING UP HIS RACKET AND BALL IN TRIUMPH AFTER DEFEATING ALEX OLMEDO, WIMBLEDON CHAMPION.
A sensation in the Davis Cup match, played at Forest Hills, New York, was the defeat of this year's Wimbledon champion, Alex Olmedo, by the Australian Neale Fraser, by 8-6, 6-8, 6-4, 8-6. Australia won the Cup by 3 matches to 2.



WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: THE ARGENTINIAN, ALFREDO CAMARERO, HOLDING HIS HUGE TROPHY AFTER HE HAD SWUM FROM CAP GRIS NEZ TO FOLKESTONE IN 11 HOURS 48 MINS.—A TIME 58 MINS. OUTSIDE THE WORLD RECORD.

A SIMONE MARTINI FOR £2. 10s.; THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL; AND OTHER ITEMS.



AT THE OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY WITH MR. WILLIAM MacTAGGART, P.R.S.A., WEARING THE CHAIN OF OFFICE. The thirteenth Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Arts opened on August 23 with the traditional service in St. Giles' Cathedral—and we show two photographs of the ceremonial procession. The service was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Charles L. Warr.



THE CIVIC DIGNITARIES OF EDINBURGH IN PROCESSION TO ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL. BEHIND THE PRINCIPAL CITY OFFICER IS THE LORD PROVOST, SIR IAN A. JOHNSON-GILBERT, ROBED.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE (1759-1833), FROM A PORTRAIT IN WAX BY CATHERINE ANDRAS (B. c. 1775), WHO ALSO SCULPTED THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY EFFIGY OF NELSON.

The bicentenary of William Wilberforce, the leader of the campaign against slavery, was celebrated on August 24 at Hull (his birthplace), and at Westminster Abbey, where a number of wreaths were laid on his tomb. An address was given by Lord Hemingford, Chairman of the Africa Bureau, and a number of Wilberforce's descendants were present, as were representatives of the Colonial Office, Ghana and Denmark.



TO MARK THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE'S BIRTH: WREATHS BEING LAID ON THE TOMB OF THE GREAT ABOLITIONIST.



BOUGHT TEN YEARS AGO FOR £2 10s., RECENTLY IDENTIFIED AS BY SIMONE MARTINI (1283-1344), AND NOW PURCHASED FOR BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY FOR £4000.

Some years ago a Birmingham antique dealer bought a pile of paintings in the rain for 10s. Mr. Alfred Stannard, a Birmingham businessman, bought one, a small panel about 8 ins. square, for £2 10s.



DRIVING ACROSS THE RIVER CUCKMERE IN WHAT IS CLAIMED AS THE LONGEST HOLE OF GOLF EVER PLAYED—37.1 MILES, FROM CROWBOROUGH TO EASTBOURNE, IN 896 STROKES. From 5.30 a.m. on August 25 at Crowborough, Sussex, until sixteen hours later at Eastbourne, Mr. Charles Macey, the Crowborough professional, and a team of four played a golf ball across country, taking 896 strokes and losing sixty-five balls to beat an American record of 36½ miles.



AN INCIDENT IN THE CROWBOROUGH-EASTBOURNE GOLF MARATHON: A YOUNG MEMBER OF MR. CHARLES MACEY'S TEAM PLAYING A THOUGHTFUL IRON SHOT FROM A LEVEL-CROSSING.

A VICTOR IN A CHANNEL RACE; A NEW FREIGHTER; AND A FUEL CELL.



THE WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CHANNEL RACE: ALFREDO CAMARERO—A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ARGENTINIAN—WADING ASHORE AT DOVER.

The first prize of £500 in the cross-Channel race, sponsored by Mr. Butlin, was won by an Argentinian. His time was 11 hrs. 48 mins. The start at Cap Gris Nez was so confused by rough seas that fifteen competitors were left behind when the starting-signal was given.



SURROUNDED BY CROWDS OF HOLIDAYMAKERS AT DOVER: ALFREDO CAMARERO BEING APPLAUDED AFTER HIS FINE CHANNEL SWIM ON AUGUST 27.

A picture of Alfredo Camarero with his cup appears on page 193. The first woman—and seventh competitor—to land was Greta Anderson, who recorded 15½ hours to win the first prize of £500 in the women's section.



PLANNED TO GO INTO ORBIT 700 MILES FROM EARTH WITH A CREW OF TWO: A BRITISH "FLYING PYRAMID" WITH ITS DESIGNER, DR. W. F. HILTON.

This model which, launched from a two-stage rocket consisting of a *Black Knight* and a *Blue Streak*, would circle the earth and return to land at 80 m.p.h., was shown at the Commonwealth Space Flight Symposium at Church House, Westminster.



LARGE ENOUGH TO TAKE ANY EXISTING BALLISTIC MISSILE AND ABLE TO CARRY 250 PASSENGERS AT A PENNY A MILE: THE SHORT SC5 BRITANNIC, BRITAIN'S LATEST AIR FREIGHTER.

Weighing 109 short tons, and with a payload of 85,000 lb. over 1150 miles, the Short SC5 *Britannic* could be used either as a military transport or as a very economical civilian craft. A model is seen above with the chairman of the manufacturers, Rear-Admiral Sir Matthew Slattery.



A REVOLUTIONARY FUEL CELL WHICH CONVERTS CHEMICAL ENERGY DIRECTLY INTO ELECTRICITY: WELDING—POWERED BY THE CELL—IN PROGRESS WHILE THE INVENTOR, MR. F. BACON, LOOKS ON.

A new type of battery of hydrogen-oxygen fuel cells, capable of producing five kilowatts at twenty-four volts, was demonstrated at Cambridge on August 24 by its inventor, Mr. Francis Bacon, a chemical engineer. Although still in the research stage, the invention of the new cell, which could be developed to drive motor-cars, trains and ships, presents a major scientific advance. Whereas other methods of producing electricity rely on heat engines, in this method electrical energy is produced directly from chemical energy, thereby greatly increasing efficiency.



A "MAGIC BOX" WHICH PRODUCES ITS OWN ELECTRICITY FROM CHEMICALLY-GENERATED HEAT: THE AMAZING NEW FUEL CELL SEEN WITH ITS INVENTOR, MR. BACON.

The idea of this revolutionary fuel cell was conceived by Mr. Bacon over twenty years ago. The project to develop it for practical application, particularly for transport, is now being carried out with the support of the National Research Development Corporation, and attention has been given to the fact that, in comparison with American firms, British industry has been slow to show interest in the invention. In the United States it is thought that the cell might be used in manned satellites and in reserve power plants in nuclear submarines.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BEFORE I ever had one I "knew" two things about mulberry-trees: that they are slow-growing; and that they are difficult to propagate. Both were wrong.

The first mulberry-tree in this garden was planted in 1948, and it was then a single, slender stem with one or two little side-shoots. It was planted not because we ever hoped to enjoy its shade ourselves, but in a spirit of pious duty towards the future. For if, in the past, people had not planted certain trees because they were too slow to grow, where would our own enjoyment of them have come from? It seems to me that what the past did for us in the way of tree-planting, we should do for the future. And, in the event, this virtue was its own reward, or rather produced a reward as a by-product. At eleven years of age the tree stands 11 ft. high, its "head" is 12 ft. through, and its trunk measures 21 ins. in circumference at 3 ins. from the ground. Already it casts a substantial shade, in which we have been glad to sit for a few minutes' rest on some recent very hot afternoons. It appears to grow at least a foot a year all round the periphery of the head. At twenty years of age it looks like being a very handsome specimen tree. It has already carried two good crops of mulberries.

So much for one of my wrong ideas about the mulberry. As for the other, when our tree was seven years old I took some hardwood cuttings and treated them like vine or currant cuttings. I was emboldened thus to fly in the face of what I believed to be the truth about mulberry propagation by the following circumstance. I had been told, and I had read, that it was not possible to propagate stone-fruits by cuttings. My wife, who has no respect for theory, came back from the village one day with a considerable branch pruned from an old almond tree in a friend's garden, and, despite my jeers, stuck it in the ground. It rooted and, in the following year, grew enormously. (It is now a quite large and fruitful tree.) All the mulberry cuttings struck root, three were given away, and the fourth planted in the middle of a new lawn. At planting it was a foot tall. Now, at four years old, it is a good deal over 6 ft. tall, a stout and handsome little tree which grows at a surprising rate. Moreover, I have since learnt that if I could have obtained a whole large branch of an old mulberry-tree, and buried its base in the ground, that would have rooted and we could, in fact, have started with a big tree. So much for my second wrong idea about mulberries: they are, in short, among the easiest plants in the world to propagate.

Furthermore, they have almost every other virtue. They seem to have no diseases; they live to a great age, becoming more beautiful and useful every year; their crop is of great value for the making of jelly, and wine. Formerly, it had other uses, one of them military, for if the trunks of fighting elephants such as Hannibal used against the Romans were smeared with mulberry-juice, the beasts became fiercer and more belligerent than ever.

The mulberry is altogether a curious plant. It has, I believe, the highest *2n* number of any plant in cultivation, something over 300, although I forget the exact figure. Nevertheless, it is massively stable and has very few, if any, varieties. This relates to *Morus niger*, the mulberry which we commonly have here and which is grown for its fruit and shade, not for silkworm fodder. The silkworm tree is *M. alba*, and, unlike its relative, has an enormous number of varieties. De Candolle thought that this was because *M. alba* has been

FAST-GROWING MULBERRY.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

much longer in cultivation. It may be so; it is as old as Chinese history, or rather older, for the applied arts, like rearing silkworms and spinning and weaving the silk, are older than what we call history. Vavilov confirmed De Candolle's opinion that the silkworm mulberry is a Chinese native, but he has nothing to say about *M. niger*. It seems to have been Persian; and although it may be younger in cultivation than its cousin, it is still a very ancient garden tree and was well-established in the Near East and in southern Europe long before the silkworm was introduced from China. In fact, had this not been so, that introduction would have been abortive. And even at that, the



EIGHTEEN FEET IN SOME ELEVEN YEARS: *METASEQUOIA GLYPTOSTROBILIDES*; AN EXAMPLE OF THIS "SO-CALLED FOSSIL SEQUOIA" GROWN FROM SEED.

This example of *Metasequoia glyptostrobilides* has reached over 18 ft. in height since it was grown from seed eleven years ago. Mr. Hyams says of the fast-growing Dawn Redwood, as it is also called, "it is one of the most graceful trees I know."

black mulberry provides only a substitute diet for the caterpillars, since according to one author they are apt to burst from over-eating if given black instead of white mulberry; and according to others, including De Candolle, the silk from worms fed on black mulberry is inferior.

I know no tree which responds so quickly and gratifyingly to feeding. Rate of growth and the quality of foliage can be improved in a matter of weeks by a dressing of a balanced fertiliser, or of sulphate of ammonia. If the tree is "grassed down," as it should be, some thoroughness is necessary in administering this feed. It is worthwhile, in fact, to lift the turf in an 18-in.-wide circle or ring corresponding with the circumference of the tree's head, digging the soil exposed, forking or hoeing in the fertiliser, and then replacing the

turf. Even old trees will respond to this treatment as readily as young ones, according to Dr. Humphrey Denham, who knows more about mulberry-trees than most gardeners.

There are two other trees planted fairly recently in which we are particularly interested. A Dawn Redwood; and a Judas Tree. And, again, both appear to be quite fast-growing trees, especially the Dawn Redwood. That name, for those who do not recognise it, is the very pleasant one which has been given to *Metasequoia glyptostrobilides*, the so-called fossil sequoia discovered growing in Hupeh in the 'forties of this century, and only introduced to Britain twelve years ago. My own specimen, now five years old, in our garden, was about 3 ft. tall when we received it; it is now 9 ft. tall and growing fast, which is very nice since it is one of the most graceful trees I know, symmetrical, and with foliage which is always bright, young-looking green, a spring-like tree all the summer through, but turning a very attractive russet red in autumn. It is one of the deciduous *Pinaceæ*. It is said to be easy to propagate from cuttings, but the few I have tried failed.

Finally, there is *Cercis siliquastrum*, the Judas Tree, whose name has nothing to do with Judas but with the fact that the tree was once common in (it may still be so for all I know), and probably came from, Judæa. This, apart from a liquidambar too young to merit comment yet, is the newest tree in our garden. It is a legume; the genus includes six other, but much inferior, species. Our specimen, in its third year, has attained 5 ft. and, although not such an express-grower as the other two kinds, is certainly not slow. We are hoping to see it in flower within the next two or three years.

The point I wish to make about these three beautiful trees, and it applies equally well to many others, including natives, is that in planting them, while one is doing a pleasant duty to the future, one is not doing so at one's own expense. As I have said, I am already sitting in the shade of the mulberry I planted. With reasonable luck both for me and the tree, it will be possible to entertain half-a-dozen friends in that shade before I die. By that time the Dawn Redwood will, again with reasonable luck, be a mighty plant taller than the house, and perhaps much taller. And the Judas Tree will have delighted us with its close-packed purplish-pink pea-flowers during many a spring. True, all three trees will be far more beautiful and imposing after I am no longer there to see them. An excellent reason, in itself, for planting them.

A note about a favourite annual: never, since I began gardening, have I seen zinnias behave as they have done this year. I planted out a small bed of them, between two fig-trees, in May, putting some cloches over the seedlings for a week or two, as they had been reared in the greenhouse. We began to cut flowers from them, for the house, in mid-July, all of them perfect, unmarred, and very large and well-coloured. The flowers were always carefully cut just above the point where two new flowering shoots were emerging from the stem. Result, more and more flowers, and such extraordinary growth that it became necessary to stake each plant against wind. I have just been down to the bed with a 2-ft. rule. The best half-dozen plants, still copiously producing flower-buds, are now all between 4 ft. 6 ins. and 5 ft. tall. Perhaps, in more clement parts of England, this is not uncommon, but certainly we have never known zinnias grow so splendidly here.

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PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN QUEENSLAND: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TOUR.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH ALDERMAN J. THOMPSON, THE MAYOR OF CHARLEVILLE, ONE OF THE TOWNS IN WESTERN QUEENSLAND, WHICH SHE VISITED ON AUGUST 25.



AT THE ROYAL BALL IN BRISBANE: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA DANCING WITH MR. DEREK SEABORN. IN QUEENSLAND THE PRINCESS CHARMED ALL WITH HER SIMPLE, DIRECT MANNER.



ARRIVING IN QUEENSLAND FOR HER THREE-WEEK TOUR: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR HENRY ABEL-SMITH AT THE BRISBANE AIRPORT ON AUGUST 18.



MAKING FRIENDS WITH A KOALA BEAR: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE ALFRESCO SUPPER AFTER THE BRISBANE RECEPTION.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL SHOW AT BRISBANE, ONE OF THE MAIN FUNCTIONS PLANNED TO CELEBRATE QUEENSLAND'S CENTENARY.



DURING THE QUIET WEEK-END OF AUGUST 22-23, WHICH SHE SPENT AT A CATTLE STATION IN THE DARLING DOWNS COUNTRY: THE PRINCESS RIDING ONE OF THE SPEEDY RISDON HORSES.

On August 18 Princess Alexandra arrived by air at Brisbane for the beginning of a three-week tour of Queensland, which is now celebrating its centenary. In the evening she was the guest of honour at a State reception and the following day opened the Royal National Show. On August 20 she met some 300 representatives of Queensland youth organisations and again attended the Royal



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA RECEIVING A CHARM BRACELET WITH WHICH SHE WAS PRESENTED WHEN, ON AUGUST 20, SHE ATTENDED AN ASSEMBLY OF VARIOUS QUEENSLAND YOUTH ORGANISATIONS.

Show. On August 21 a day of several engagements ended with the Royal Ball; and the week-end was spent at a cattle station in the Darling Downs country. On August 24 she visited Toowoomba and attended a charity ball, and the next day travelled to Charleville and Longreach. On August 26 laryngitis prevented her attending the Longreach rodeo; but on August 28 she resumed her tour.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AN AWKWARD PAIR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

NOW and again a drama critic finds himself left with plays that almost defy his resolve to write about them. His pen is running freely, but for some reason he is scratching out more often than writing on. Why is that? There are usually two major reasons. One cannot say much of the kind of piece that it is still usual to call a thriller (though it is a hateful word): there any clue to its development must ruin the pleasure of future visitors. Another play may be so botched that to enlarge upon it must be needless cruelty, and that is not a critic's task.

This week I discover myself in a comparable position. What, then, to do? Perhaps we had better see what happens. Cautiously, let me begin. The first play is "The Sound of Murder" at the Aldwych Theatre; it is by William Fairchild, a name fresh to me; its action passes somewhere in Surrey. The principal characters are a writer of children's books who appears to fancy that he is a compound of Shakespeare and Milton; the wife of the writer, who does not share his illusion; and the wife's lover, who bothers about little but the wife. There is also, I should add, a tape-recorder, and at this point I am tempted to go off into a favourite digression on the aid of science to the struggling dramatist. Towards the end of last century a dramatist was sorely restricted. He did not think so because he was used to the restriction, and he was allowed to let someone soliloquise if the position became too difficult. To-day he knows that he can use, if he so desires—and as a rule he does desire—the telephone, the gramophone, wireless, television, and now the tape-recorder. It is the world of the Gadget Drama, and the playwright has, suddenly, battalions working upon his side.

Writers who try a period play.—especially those who venture into the 1870's or 1880's—realise now that they are setting themselves a fierce problem: nobody is at hand to help them: all the gadgets are out in the cold future. Personally, I am always keen to observe the technique of the older plays in those late Victorian years before the telephone: it can be clumsy, but the better dramatists knew how to get round it. To-day, many modern writers, to give them credit, are trying to do without gadgets. Some of their plays I have detested, but at least they have not sought the easy way out.

Mr. Fairchild, at the Aldwych, has not tried, of course, to write an important play. He is offering something that depends upon shock and surprise: not really a puzzle, for we are told everything about the proposed murder. The dramatist could not have got through it without the aid of a telephone and a tape-recorder, both used craftily, though as a colleague has said, there can be little future for the "mechanical eavesdropper": the idea cannot be brought up in play after play: enough is enough. What does the Aldwych eavesdropper hear and tell? Possibly I can say, without breaking any hearts, that it hears the plan for a murder. The peculiarly horrible writer of children's fiction is to be murdered, but unfortunately for his enemies their plan is discussed, during the first act, far too close to a recorder that has been left "live." Having said that, I cannot add another word about the development of the piece. The dramatist duly provides shock upon shock, and whether or not you approve of them must depend upon

your feeling for this brand of skilfully mechanical drama.

It is, I feel, among the most cold-blooded I remember. Mr. Fairchild has not worried over

the plausibility of his characters; they are there to perform given mechanical tasks, and if you accept them on that basis, all's well: if not, you may wonder at the things that can go on in deeper Surrey. Happily, the acting is good enough for us to suspend disbelief until the curtain is down, so I can here salute Peter Cushing as quite the most damnable personage I have met in the theatre—since, perhaps, the all-too-real Mrs. Voray in a distant play, "No Room at the Inn." (If anybody cries in some frenzy, "What about Regan and Goneril?" I have to murmur that my selections are rigidly non-classical.) Then, too, there are Elizabeth Sellars, as the wife who appears to have been living in a snug little world of vipers and tarantulas; Terence Longdon as the handsome lover, and Patricia Jessel as the perfect secretary who has been thinking too much. All of these players are in good dramatic form, and I like particularly Miss Jessel, who can hold any scene: I think it is time that she played Lady Macbeth again—it is too long since a night at Stratford-upon-Avon when she showed what she might do in the future.

I have only one more comment on "The Sound of Murder": someone ought really to put together all the plans for the "perfect murder" that by now have accumulated in the ensanguined files. Authors of the puzzle-play and the crime novel appear between them to discover a few perfect murders a month: one's sole relief is that every plan has a pinhole of imperfection. I hope that Scotland Yard keeps a fatherly watch on the crime play (and fiction as a whole), and files all these apparently preposterous plans. It is remarkable how many methods there are of doing away with the man next door.

I am obliged to mutter that, during "Quartet for Five," which is the new title of a French farce, "La Bonne Anna" (Arts Theatre), I wondered how many ways there might be of disposing of the French maid. Nobody else in the play was working on these lines; indeed, the maid was making a very good thing of her distracted night; but I feel myself that if she had been on view for another half-hour I might have screamed very loudly. The fault was that of the actress, a conscientious but over-tried artist, but there must be some blame, too, for the director, and for Warren Tute, who had made the English version of this farce from Marc Camoletti's original.

It is an intricate medley—there are five doors in the set—concerned with two pairs of illicit lovers and a maid-servant. Quite probably, it was a rich joke in Paris, but this type of hither-and-thither frolic does not go well in what sounds like a lumbering text, spoken and acted with more vigour than comic imagination. As a rule, I enjoy farce, and it is difficult to believe that this example is quite so maladroit as it appeared to be at the première.

I need add merely that the telephone is relentlessly worked. There is not a tape-recorder in the flat, though I did occupy a few frenzied minutes in wondering what might have happened if Anna had been allowed possession of one. It would, I suppose, have made the piece even harder to discuss.



CHARLES NORBURY (PETER CUSHING) IN AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER WITH PETER MARRIOTT (TERENCE LONGDON): A SCENE FROM "SOUND OF MURDER."



A TENSE SCENE FROM THE THRILLER, "SOUND OF MURDER," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE: CHARLES NORBURY (PETER CUSHING) IN VIOLENT ARGUMENT WITH HIS WIFE ANNE (ELIZABETH SELLARS).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE" and "FRATRICIDE PUNISHED" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—The Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company in a pair of Elizabethan rarities. (August 31.)

"THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY" (Saville).—A comedy adapted by H. E. Bates from his novel, with Peter Jones, Elspeth March, Kynaston Reeves. (September 2.)

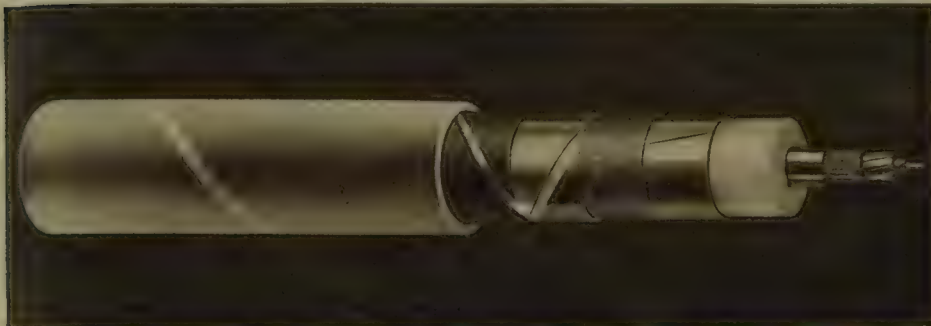
"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Old Vic).—With Barbara Jefford and John Justin; directed by Wendy Toye. (September 3.)

"COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Sean O'Casey's fantasy, presented by the English Stage Company. (September 7.)

THE OLD AND THE NEW: ANNIVERSARIES, INVENTIONS, AND ECHOES OF THE PAST.



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WHERE THE BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET WAS FOUGHT 250 YEARS AGO: THE WOOD OF TAISNIÈRES AND THE PLAIN IN THE FOREGROUND ACROSS WHICH THE FRENCH WERE FINALLY DRIVEN. On September 11, 1709, the allied armies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated the French at Malplaquet in a terrible and bloody battle, in which there were more than 36,000 killed and wounded. About 200,000 men were involved, and most of the fighting was in the woodlands of Taisnières near the present Franco-Belgian frontier near Mons.



GUARDSMEN WITH THE OLD (LEE-ENFIELD) RIFLE (RIGHT) AND THE NEW F.N. RIFLE—AT THE PRESENT—DURING A DEMONSTRATION BY MEN OF THE 1ST BN. COLDSTREAM GUARDS OF THE DRILLS EVOLVED FOR THE F.N. RIFLE.



A MECHANICAL OPPONENT FOR LAWN TENNIS PRACTICE: THE "BALL BOY," A DEVICE WHICH DELIVERS FORTY BALLS AT A CONSTANT SPEED AND HEIGHT AT FIVE-SECOND INTERVALS—AT A SINGLE LOADING, SEEN AT THE SCHOOLS EQUIPMENT EXHIBITION.



EIGHTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD MR. JACK MILLER RIDING THE SPECIAL BICYCLE WHICH BLONDIN RODE ACROSS NIAGARA FALLS ON A TIGHT-ROPE 100 YEARS AGO. THE BARROW WAS ALSO USED BY BLONDIN. BOTH WERE FOUND IN MR. MILLER'S ANTIQUE SHOP.



EARL CRAVEN'S "CARAMARAN" *LOUISA*—A STRANGE CRAFT WITH A PLYWOOD AND HARDBOARD SUPERSTRUCTURE ON A TWIN BOOM BASIS OF OIL DRUMS, POWERED BY A 50-H.P. OUTBOARD MOTOR—ARRIVING IN DOVER HARBOUR AFTER A VOYAGE FROM NEWHAVEN ON AUGUST 28.



THE OLD MAKES WAY FOR THE NEW: THE OLD "WOODEN-WALL" TRAINING SHIP *FOUDROYANT*, SO LONG A FEATURE OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, BEING TOWED TO A NEW BERTH TO ALLOW GREATER SAFETY OF MANŒUVRE FOR SUBMARINES.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—No. 4: THIS SPEAKS, OR RATHER SHOUTS, FOR ITSELF.



A REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR GIVING ORDERS.

This astounding photograph which may bring back nightmares of past "square-bashing" we would rather forget, is that of Regimental Sergeant-Major S. A. J. Blake, the 2nd Battalion, the Coldstream Guards. R.S.M. Blake, who is a 6-ft. 2-in., 18-stone regular soldier, has been with the Coldstream Guards for sixteen years. His Battalion has become the first unit of the Household Brigade ever to be stationed in Kenya and they have found

the change a little difficult after three years in their luxurious London barracks, since they are now settled at Gilgil, a dusty roadside halt 75 miles north of Nairobi, taunted by cheetahs and annoyed by baboons. Obviously, though, it is the wild that will retreat before this R.S.M., who has already chosen a bit of Africa for his parade-ground and who will let none of his standards waver in the trials of that torrid land.

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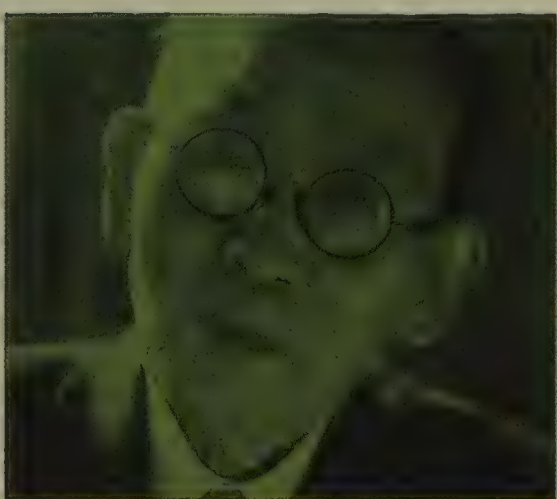
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THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



HALF-ASLEEP AND WIDE-AWAKE.

By ALAN DENT

AFTER I had taken a favourite godson to the pantomime last Christmas, his parents asked him in my presence how he had enjoyed himself; and to my discomfiture he promptly and laconically replied: "Uncle nodded!" It is perhaps an uncle's privilege to nod during those protracted "transformation scenes" when bluebell glades melt into valleys of irises to more or less appropriate music by Tchaikowsky. But it is his bounden duty to nod privately and not to be seen nodding.

The point of this preamble is that I have been guilty of nodding—even if not seen to nod—at one or two of the recent films, the reason being the exceptionally hot weather of middle-August. In such weather somewhat portly personages like your critic tend to abstract their attention from whatever they may be beholding, and to think of nothing at all for a few moments which may easily develop into a few minutes. It must have been some such torpor which overtook me in the core of a murder film called "Blind Date" (directed very cleverly by Joseph Losey). This concerned a poor young Dutch painter (Hardy Kruger) who was wooed and won—rather against his will, at first—by a well-to-do lady (Jacqueline Presle) whose husband bored her. The young man called one day at the lady's voluptuously furnished *pied-à-terre*, found the door open, went in to wait her return, shut his eyes and proffered his daily bunch of violets when he heard someone arrive—and then opened his eyes to discover that he was offering violets to two policemen who wanted to know why the lady who owned the apartment was lying dead behind her own front-door! The corpse seemed to them quite suspicious enough; but the offer of violets was more suspicious still. Would the young man kindly explain himself? He did so, interrogated

satisfactory to all parties, and was actually smiling at the world in general and at this guilty-innocent pair in particular.

No falling-off at any bearable temperature would be possible at the new Boulting comedy called "I'm All Right, Jack," for the rare and simple reason that the sound of continuous

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



"PETER SELLERS,"

Alan Dent writes, "is certainly my choice of the week because of his quite entrancing study of an alert and suspicious 'shop steward' in the Boulting comedy, 'I'm All Right, Jack,' at the Leicester Square Theatre. This places him for me in the front rank of our comic actors, though I understand that for some time he has quite naturally belonged there in the public eye."

morning, Sergeant!"). His enemy, corresponding to that sergeant, is a "shop steward" called Mr. Kite, who is an expert trade-union agitator and who is played, nothing less than divinely, by Peter Sellers—a born comedian whom, by a very odd concatenation of circumstances, I had never before set eyes on. Mr. Kite's every appearance in this film is a kind of arrival. He is all that a Scottish child means by "the man," the powers-that-be in a single person, the one to fear and avoid and flee from and hide from. He abashes almost everybody excepting the unabashable Windrush of Mr. Carmichael. Mr. Kite's not-quite-absolute command of language is in itself worth a whole essay. He talks like the minutes of a meeting—and a trade-union meeting at that! As an example, he describes the ridiculously over-zealous and far-too-anxious-to-please Windrush as "a new man who has not yet got used to the natural rhythm of the other workers."

The beginning and the end of this film—happening for no relevant reason in a nudist camp—are tasteless and unfunny. That monumentally amusing dragon, Margaret Rutherford, is oddly wasted in a poor little part. But everything else in this wild garden is lovely. Messrs. Terry-Thomas, Dennis Price and Richard Attenborough are richly ludicrous as three well-differentiated Big Chiefs. The Carmichael is delicious both at work and at play (and most especially at a televised Brains Trust when he suddenly goes serious and tells the appalling truth). And in describing the Sellers as a find and a portent of great majesty, I am in the absurd position of hailing and "discovering" one whom the rest of the world seems to have been laughing at for ages and ages. My favourite moment in this film is when Mr. Sellers's Mr. Kite discovers that his own wife has gone on strike, leaving him to darn his own socks in a kitchen full of unwashed dishes and pots and pans.



"I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK": A SCENE FROM THE RIOTOUSLY FUNNY BOULTING BROTHERS COMEDY WHICH SATIRISES TRADE UNIONISM. L. TO R.: COX (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH), AUNT DOLLY (MARGARET RUTHERFORD), UNCLE BERTRAM (DENNIS PRICE) AND STANLEY WINDRUSH (IAN CARMICHAEL) IN SERIOUS DISCUSSION. (LONDON PREMIERE: AUGUST 13.)

for the most part by a Welsh detective-inspector (Stanley Baker) who was obviously allowing a severe cold in the head to ruffle his temper. The painter's story is told in a series of flash-backs; and—if we are to judge from the elaborate love-scenes in which the young man develops from a coy Adonis into an insatiable one, and the lady begins as a burning Venus and ends as one burnt-out—he is allowed to tell it in extreme and piquant detail.

But then—just when I was deciding that Mr. Baker was giving a capital performance of the surly but shrewd inspector, and that neither Mr. Kruger nor Miss Presle had ever before given such convincing portrayals—there occurred the aforementioned hiatus. From this I emerged to discover that the film was rapidly drawing to an end, and I became very wide-awake indeed on beholding that the lady was still there, looking alive and well and beautiful; that the young painter had explained and completely cleared himself; and that the detective-inspector had conquered his cold, brought his case to a conclusion



HITCHCOCK (TERRY-THOMAS) HEARS KITE'S (PETER SELLERS) IDEA OF FINISHING THE STRIKE: A SCENE FROM "I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK."

laughter would not allow it. This is a joyous and intensely

topical satire at the expense of those workers—and more particularly their "shop stewards"—who strike like lightning whenever they imagine they are working too hard with too little reward. Ian Carmichael is in excellent fooling as a character who might easily be brother to his green and grinning soldier in "The Private's Progress" ("I'm feeling rather fragile this

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE SCAPEGOAT" (Generally Released: August 31). A somewhat bewildering film with Alec Guinness performing brilliantly (as need hardly be said) as a good young man and as his wicked double.
"A HOLE IN THE HEAD" (Generally Released: August 31).—An American comedy with Frank Sinatra as a proud father, and with Edward G. Robinson returning in gorgeous form.
"THE BRIDAL PATH" (Generally Released: August 24).—That hunk of Scottish virility, Bill Travers, as a Highland Islander coming to the mainland in search of a wife and being chased all round some beautiful scenery by would-be wives innumerable.

It goes almost without saying that the first official film of a Comédie Française production, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Molière, should have been carried out with consummate grace and charm. It is in choice colour, and it has been on view at the Royal Festival Hall. I wish I could aver whole-heartedly that the title-part could not be better played than it is by M. Louis Seigner. But his whole performance seems to me as subtly off the mark as is the translation of the play's title into "The Prodigious Snob." The point of Jourdain is that he is a vulgarian who has become rich and who has not the mind to perceive that mere riches cannot turn him into a man of quality. M. Seigner makes Jourdain merely grotesque, without the necessary overtone of sublimity which Coquelin certainly had, and which our own Nigel Playfair at least hinted at in a version which had the much better (if still not quite perfect) title of "The Would-Be Gentleman." But all the other acting—led gloriously by Mme. Andrée de Chauveron as Mme. Jourdain—is enchantingly in the great tradition. It made me pinch myself—not this time to wake myself up, but to make sure I was not sitting at an actual performance in the House of Molière which I still think—for all they tell me about it having been "spoiled"—the loveliest theatre in Paris.



One section of the British Army that can be said to be still on active service fourteen years after the war is the Bomb Disposal Unit of the Royal Engineers, which is constantly finding, unearthing and destroying unexploded enemy bombs buried in British soil. Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, recently stated in the House of Commons that an estimated 500 enemy bombs were still in this country, and that many of these were probably very large. Every year the Bomb Disposal Unit, which has its headquarters at Broadbridge Heath Camp, near Horsham, Sussex, receives hundreds of reports of suspected buried bombs. Although most of these reports turn out to be false, each case must be

investigated and, indeed, many of these terrible threats to life and property are frequently unearthed, disarmed and removed. Not only during the war, but after it, a great number of Sapper officers and men lost their lives dealing with such bombs. In this most dangerous of operations, the Royal Engineers have had to learn how to deal with fuses so cunningly contrived that the slightest touch might mean instant death. The Engineers have had to devise tools to overcome the menace of ticking clocks incorporated in the time-fuses. Also, they have had to perfect a method of dealing with the deadly little booby-traps—known as "ZUS 40"—which would explode at the slightest attempt

at removal: before the discovery of the correct way of ascertaining when one of these booby-traps was, in fact, incorporated in the fuse—still a closely-guarded secret—very many lives were lost. Finally, methods of dealing with the dangerous electrical fuse mechanism of the impact-type bombs had to be found. To-day, the many highly ingenious tools which have been invented have considerably lessened the risks. However, in every operation there remains the danger from the chemical action set up in the "works" of bombs, the result of their lying buried for many years. From the Broadbridge Heath Camp the whole of the British Isles is covered, and the complete unit is made

up of ten Sapper officers and sixty N.C.O.s and men. The lorries and jeeps have their wings painted bright red and they carry special identification lights, so that police will give them right of way. Units usually employed in disposing of a large bomb consist of one officer, a sergeant and five or six men. In our issue of April 1958 we illustrated the successful removal of "Herman," an unexploded 2000-lb. bomb, found during work on the site of the Shell Petroleum Co.'s new headquarters by the Festival Hall, London. More recently at least one bomb has been detected within a few yards of the Tate Gallery, Millbank. (Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with Official Co-operation.)

THIS year is the centenary of the opening of Wellington College, and the Old Wellingtonian Society, whose President is Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, has published a small book of WELLINGTONIAN STUDIES as part of the commemorative celebrations. In appearance it is an unpretentious volume, but the contents make it worth a good deal more than the small price at which the Society has decided to offer it. The "studies" are not concerned with the school itself, but with the great Duke of Wellington, in whose memory it was founded. There is a preface by his descendant, the present Duke, and five essays, all by Old Wellingtonians, on various aspects of their subject's life and character. All the contributors are also historians, and Sir Harold Nicolson is among them. That alone should ensure for the book the wide circulation that it deserves. Sir Harold has chosen to describe the Duke as a diplomatist—perhaps the most unjustly neglected of all the facets of his career, as those who have read his despatches at the time of the Congress of Vienna will realise.

He was also, as Mr. G. R. St. Aubyn points out, the epitome of courage, coolness and common sense. His dislike of pretentiousness and folly—"Don't be a damned fool!"; "If you believe that, you will believe anything"—was matched by strong emotions and by a rather endearing attachment to children. This is not the place to discuss once more the estimates passed on his statesmanship and his generalship, though both have been admirably summed up in this book by Mr. M. G. Brock and Mr. Piers Mackesy respectively.

I understand that there has been a very heavy advance subscription for Alan Moorehead's *No Room in the Ark*, and this does not surprise me in the least. Mr. Moorehead writes about African animals with what I can only call tenderness. There is not an ounce of sentimentality, over-emphasis, or that rather neurotic indignation which is the mark of the animal fanatic. But there is humour, splendid writing—and, of course, first-class illustrations, some of them in colour. Who but Mr. Moorehead would have had the happy thought of describing giraffes as shy schoolgirls, peering out of a dormitory window? Who but he could have found something endearing in the warthog, or noticed that a baboon had a *soigné* air: "his fur looked as though it had been freshly cleaned and brushed"? Who else would write of a gorilla that he had "the dignity and majesty of prophets"? There has been nothing quite like this book since "King Solomon's Ring," and I prophesy that it will be just as popular.

Turning from Mr. Moorehead's delightful animals to *Doctor from Lhasa*, by T. Lobsang Rampa, was like being transported from the finest zoo in the world, that of Nature herself, to a sideshow in a third-rate circus. If an Englishman chooses to believe that he is possessed by the spirit of a Tibetan lama, I cannot help it. But I do not want him to go on and on about it—at least, not in my hearing. (Nor do I believe that any real lama would be quite so boringly self-conscious about his high rank and religious distinction.) The book contains some exceedingly vivid and nasty stories about Japanese atrocities. And there let me, thankfully, leave it.

This week, to help readers and to clear my own mind, I am going to deal with the novels in descending order of appreciation. This does not, of course, mean that everyone will share my own views. I doubt, for instance, whether *Tempo di Roma*, by Alexis Curvers, will appeal to as many other readers as it appealed to me. It exactly conveys the atmosphere of post-war Italy: the sense of exhaustion, of gentle cynicism, of polite corruption, of a past taken for granted, a present tolerated with a sigh, and a future dark with uncertainty. The hero is a young and charming Belgian spiv, who has become Italianised. He drifts into and out of various adventures and relationships, and the author gives no indication at all that he proposes to give the book so poignant an ending. It has the saddest kind of beauty—that which is not far from being pathetically absurd.

Next I must make an exception to my general rule excluding "just another book about the war." This is made in favour of J. W. G. Moran's *Spearhead in Malaya*. It is really not a novel at all, but a dramatised autobiography of an officer in the Malaya Police Force. I began by detesting the matter, the style and the author—until I realised that the author was busy detesting himself. In the end, I was completely won over by his savage sincerity, as he described his painful transformation from a martinet into a man. Equally rough a story is Leland Frederick Cooley's *The Run for Home*—indeed, it is in many respects rougher (except for actual blood-shedding), for a first voyage as deck-boy on an ocean-going

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

tramp-steamer is not exactly a nursery game of "Snap." There seems to be a fashion at present for these long and salty stories about the sea. A little corny, if you like—but if these young men

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

LEONARD BARDEN'S blood, sweat and toil draw with new-come F. Clough in the first round of the British Championship earned him as second opponent another new-come, D. A. Curtis, the Welsh Chess Union's nominee, who eventually finished 31st out of 32.

Barden won in the end, but only after surviving the danger of a draw more than once. Curious transpositions resulted in the opening's becoming established as a SICILIAN DEFENCE only on move four:

CURTIS	BARDEN	CURTIS	BARDEN
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	N-KB3	6. B-K3	B-N2
2. N-KB3	P-KN3	7. B-K2	Castles
3. N-QB3	P-B4	8. Castles	N-B3
4. P-K4	P×P	9. P-B4?	Q-N3
5. N×P	P-Q3	10. R-B3	N×P

One wonders why, having invited this move, White did not play 11. N-Q5 now: it would surely have provided him with more fun than he gets in the game: he sheds a pawn without compensation. Of course if now 11. N×N(K4), then 11... B×N.

11. N×N(B6)	Q×N	26. B×R	R-N1
12. N-Q5	R-K1	27. B×P	R×P
13. P-QR4	B-K3	28. B-N3	K-N2
14. N-M4	Q-B1	29. K-B1	K-B3
15. B-Q4	B×Bch	30. K-K1?	N×B
16. Q×B	Q-B4	31. P×N	R×KNP
17. R-Q1	P-QR4	32. K-Q1	R×P
18. Q×Q	N×Q	33. K-B1	R-KB7
19. N-Q5?	B×N	34. P-N4	R×B
20. R×B	N×P	35. R-QN3	R-QB5ch
21. R-QN5	N-B4	36. K-Q2	K-K3
22. R-QR3	P-R5	37. P-N5	K-Q2
23. B-B3	QR-B1	38. K-Q3	P-Q4
24. B×P	R-N1	39. P-N6	K-B1
25. B-B6	R×R	Resigns	

Having mulled and messed around and rather luckily collected a point and a half from two of the weakest players in the tournament, Barden now found himself paired against the champion J. Penrose, who finally finished equal first with Golombek and Haygarth. True to his topsy-turvy form, Barden won brilliantly:

RUY LOPEZ

BARDEN	PENROSE	BARDEN	PENROSE
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. QN-Q2	B-K3
2. N-KB3	N-QB3	13. P×KP	P×KP
3. B-N5	P-QR3	14. N-N5	B-Q2
4. B-R4	N-B3	15. N-B1	QR-Q1
5. Castles	B-K2	16. Q-K2	P-N3
6. R-K1	P-QN4	17. N-K3	B-B1
7. B-N3	Castles	18. P-QR4	P-B5
8. P-B3	P-Q3	19. P×P	P×P
9. P-KR3	N-QR4	20. R-Q1	R×Rch
10. B-B2	P-B4	21. Q×R	R-Q1
11. P-Q4	Q-B2	22. Q-K2	P-N5(?)

Black



White

23. R×N?

Both Alexander and I, watching during the course of our own games, remarked on the fact that Penrose examined the position for about half an hour before making his reply. This seemed a most misguided waste of time on his clock, for, unless he is to remain a piece down without compensation, he must capture the rook. So why not play it at once, and start looking around after?

23. . . . Q×R 24. Q×P R-KB1
Clearly 24. . . . B-K3? 25. N×B would be worse. On Black's next move, 25. . . . R×N; 26. Q×Bch, R-B1; 27. Q-K6ch, R-B2; 28. B-N3 would, again, be most unappetising.

25. N×BP	K-N2	31. Q-K6	Q-R8ch
26. N-B5ch!	P×N	32. K-R2	Q×B
27. B-R6ch	K-N3	33. B-N3	P-R4
28. B×R	B×B	34. Q-B7ch	K×N
29. N-R8ch	K-R3	35. Q×Bch	Resigns
30. Q×B	K-N2		

The whole attack was carried through with originality bordering on brilliance.

get angry, at least they are angry about something!

Miss Daphne du Maurier's new collection of short stories, *The Breaking Point*, was, I thought, not up to her usual extremely high standard. Her theme, which she explains in a note, is that

"there comes a moment in the life of every individual when reality must be faced. When this happens, it is as though a link between emotion and reason is stretched to the limit of endurance, and sometimes snaps." As a theme, it is convincing enough, and Miss du Maurier has varied it skilfully. I particularly liked the story about the man who sets out to commit murder and paints bad pictures instead; also a strange fantasy about a little boy and some ponies. (But I wonder that Miss du Maurier thought it worth while to take the mickey out of Mr. Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice.")

Mr. Troy Kennedy Martin, by contrast to Miss du Maurier, is a comparative new-come to authorship. His *Beat on a Damask Drum* is by no means easy to follow. I resent the assumption made by modern novelists that their readers want to get down to their work with wet towels round their heads, and that no thought or situation should be rounded off or completed. Not that this book is as bad as that. Mr. Martin will, in the end, be a really good novelist, and I hope that he will not go on mistaking allusiveness for intelligence. At any rate, he can write. Listen to this:

He had given the burnt body to Joey and in one crucified moment of time he saw revealed to her the meaning of hell. He had seen shock sever her emotions from her body, and love, like God, become unrecognisable. He had seen her, dumb, blank, a drugged animal, snap every link that she had with her own world and her disassociation from Adam became complete. And after that what had remained for her was an idea of Adam, an emotion of Adam, the name of Adam. And what was an idea in a mind which could no longer think; an emotion in a body which could no longer feel and a name for what was an unrecognisable face. What could be more pointless?

A man who can write as well as that can certainly write better—and will.

"Miss Fenwick has arrived," shouts the blurb on her *A Long Way Down*. To which I reply: Not at my station. This is Miss Fenwick's second detective story, and I am sorry that I found it so dull. Perhaps it was because I am not interested in the life of minor American colleges, and did not care two hoots how many of Miss Fenwick's characters were murdered, or who killed them.

Not being a reincarnation of Gambetta—(Mr. Lobsang Rampa, please note!)—I took but a lack-lustre interest in the latest Atlantic flight in a balloon. But I congratulate the intrepid aeronauts who undertook this (to me) unnecessary journey, and especially Messrs. Arnold Eiloart and Peter Elstob, who record their triumphs and sufferings in *The Flight of the Small World*.

I suppose that only the most academic of pub-frequenters will embark on *The Brewing Industry in England, 1700-1830*, by Peter Mathias. It is as much an economic and social study as it is a discourse on beer, so that historians will find it a mine of information. For myself, I tried not to calculate how many pints could be bought for 85s., or how much good opening-time was consumed in wading, thirst unslaked, through this excellent volume!

In passing, I recommend a purely technical work, *Squadron Histories*, by Peter Lewis. R.F.C., R.N.A.S., and R.A.F. fans will find it useful.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- WELLINGTONIAN STUDIES. Edited by Michael Howard. (Gale and Polden; 7s.)
- NO ROOM IN THE ARK, by Alan Moorehead. (Hamilton; 21s.)
- DOCTOR FROM LHASA, by T. Lobsang Rampa. (Souvenir Press; 18s.)
- TEMPO DI ROMA, by Alexis Curvers. (Secker and Warburg; 21s.)
- SPEARHEAD IN MALAYA, by J. W. G. Moran. (Davies; 16s.)
- THE RUN FOR HOME, by Leland Frederick Cooley. (Allen; 18s.)
- THE BREAKING POINT, by Daphne du Maurier. (Gollancz; 15s.)
- BEAT ON A DAMASK DRUM, by Troy Kennedy Martin. (Murray; 16s.)
- A LONG WAY DOWN, by Elizabeth Fenwick. (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.)
- THE FLIGHT OF THE SMALL WORLD, by Arnold Eiloart and Peter Elstob. (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.)
- THE BREWING INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND, 1700-1830, by Peter Mathias. (Cambridge University Press; 85s.)
- SQUADRON HISTORIES, by Peter Lewis. (Putnam; 30s.)



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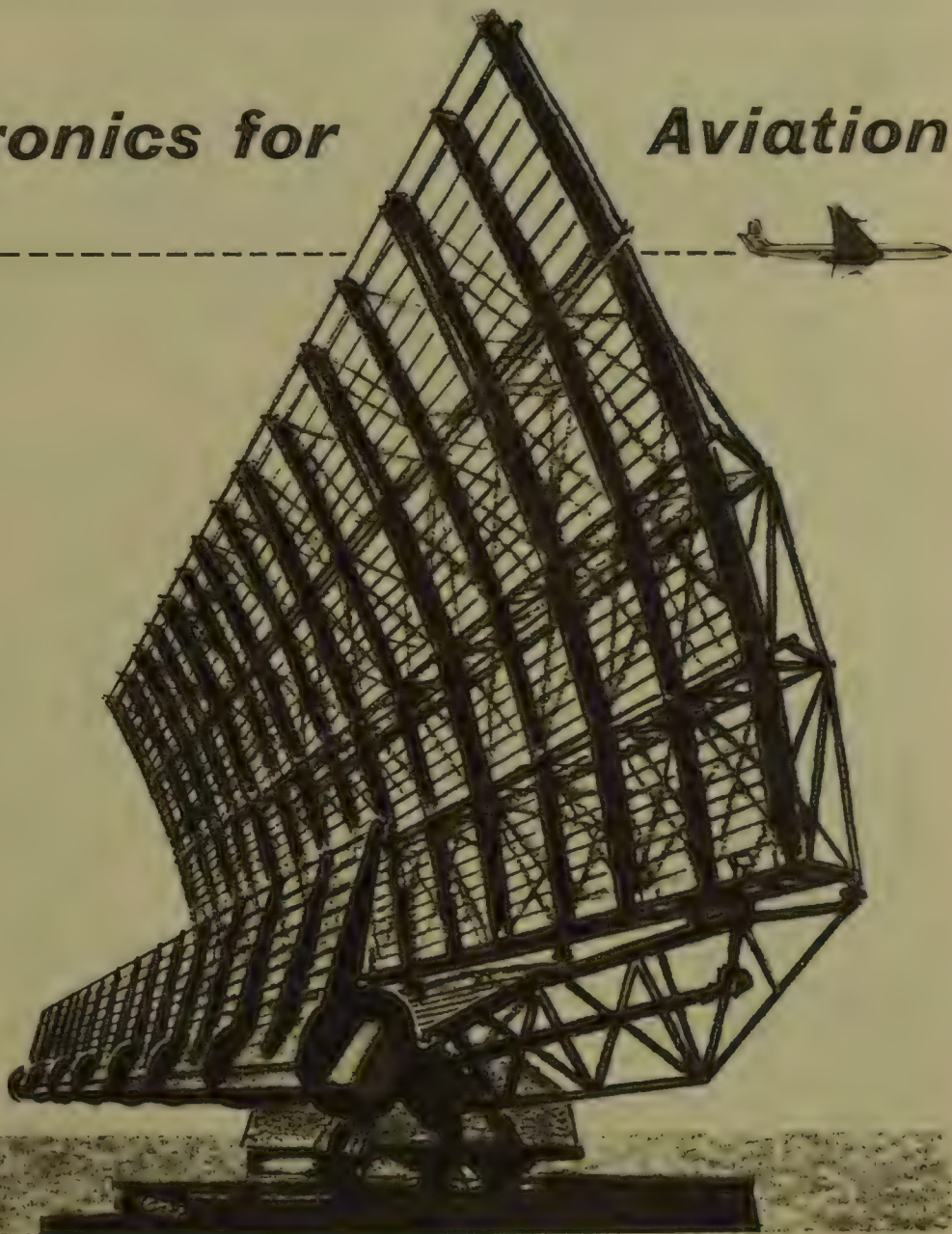
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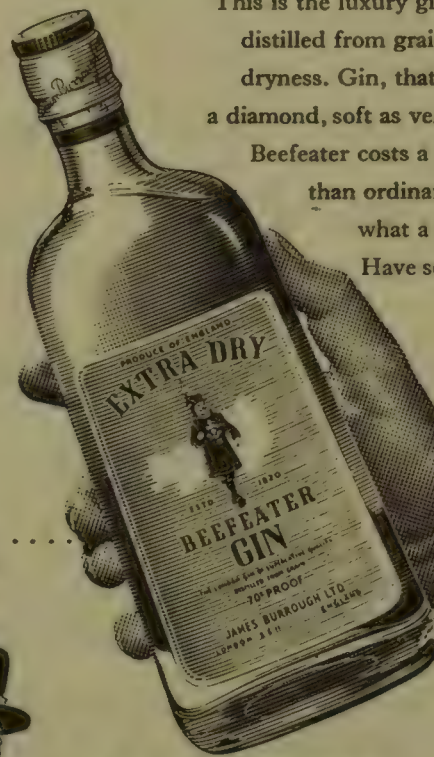
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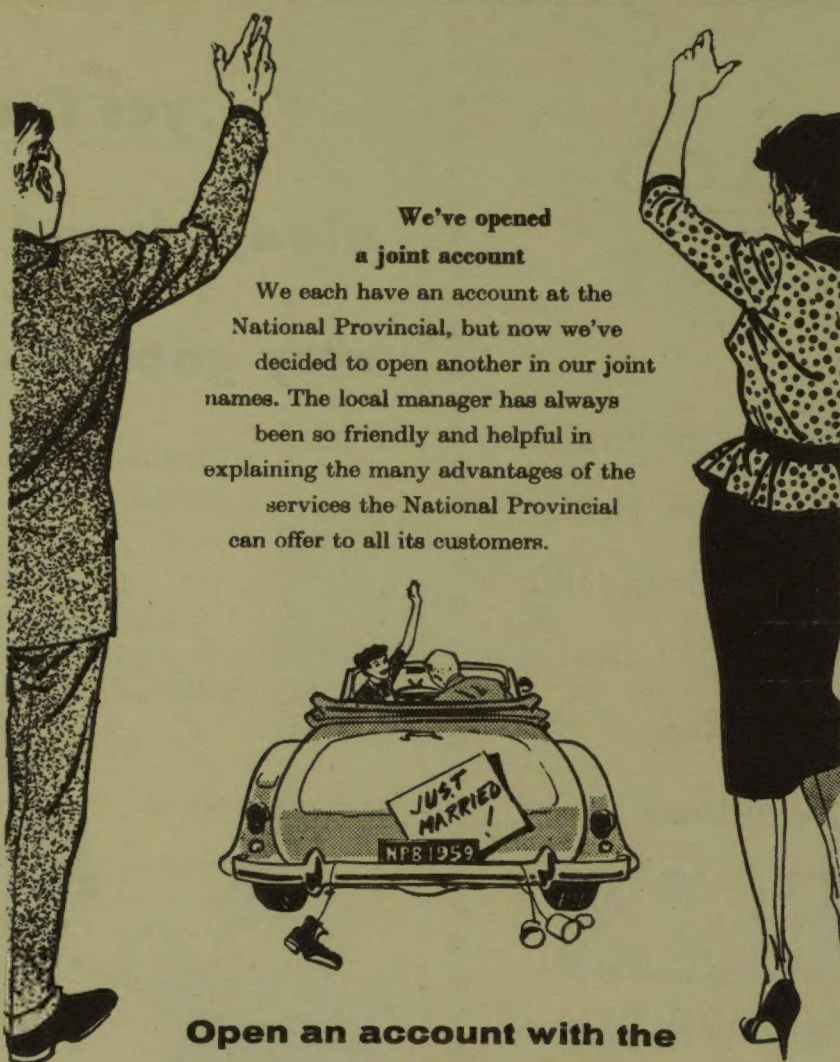
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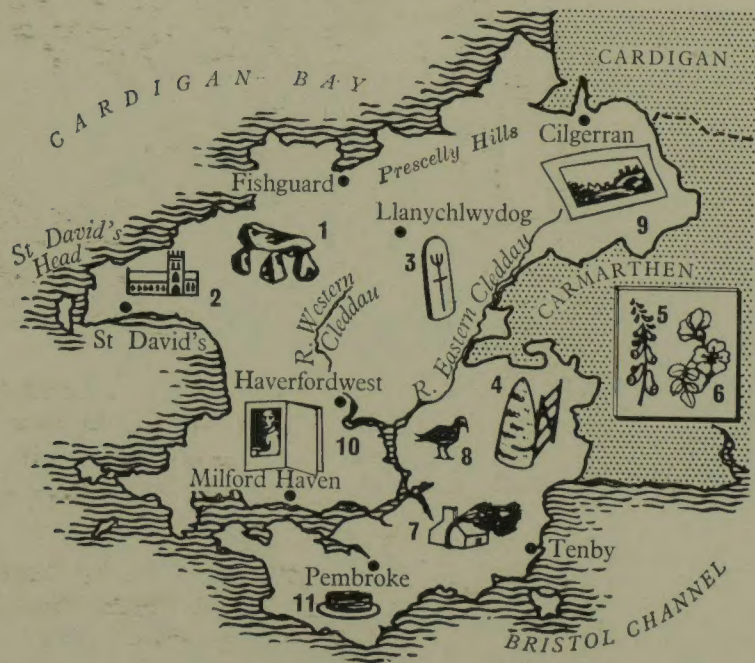


TRAVEL BY TRAIN



Painted by Kenneth Rowntree

Shell guide to PEMBROKESHIRE



Pembrokeshire is low moorland, tall cliffs, clear beaches, long sea valleys, and the Prescelly Hills, which are not unlike a rougher Welsh version of the Wiltshire Downs. Indeed they are the place where neolithic man quarried stones, transported to Wiltshire's Stonehenge. Here and there are stone chambers of ancient burial mounds, such as the Longhouse or Carreg Samson (Samson's Stone), near Mathry, set up about 1800 B.C. (1). Iron Age man built headland forts above the sea. St David's Head was a busy centre in the Dark Ages of the Irish and Welsh saints, including the great Dewi Sant or St David himself, traditionally born near his own village city of St David's and near the great cathedral built there as his shrine in the Middle Ages (2). The memorial stone at Llanrychwydog (3) was also erected in the Dark Ages. White and colour-washed cottages and pillared gateposts (4), splendid June Foxgloves (5) and Burnet Roses or St David's Rose (6), emblem of the see of St David's, enliven a sometimes melancholy landscape, where wind shapes the Blackthorn (7) and sad Curlews (8) are the characteristic bird. Ruined castles abound from the days of Norman settlement, including the much-painted Cilgerran Castle (9) of the thirteenth century. As well as St David, remarkable natives include the painters Augustus John (10), born in 1878, and his sister Gwen John (1876-1939), both of them born at Haverfordwest. A Pembrokeshire dish is Laver Bread (11) prepared from Laver Seaweed. The length of flannel on the table was woven in the county.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The key to the Countryside

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Vice-President: Society of Marine Artists



WELL
MADE

WELL
PACKED

FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY H.M.S. VICTORY

In the records of the Navy the name VICTORY goes back to the Armada. But the most famous H.M.S. VICTORY will always be Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar. She was launched at Chatham in 1765, served as flagship at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent and was virtually rebuilt in the early 1800's. Reconstructed here is the scene at Spithead on September 14th, 1805, as Nelson leaves England for the last time. He is being pulled alongside in his barge as VICTORY and the frigate EURYALUS (Capt. Blackwood) fire the gun-salute due to him as a Vice-Admiral.